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PIZARRO IN PERU,

OR THE

DEATH OF ROLLA;

BEING THE ORIGINAL

OF THE

NEW TRAGEDY.

Now performing at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Translated from the last GERMAN Edition of

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

K

WITH NOTES, &c.

BY THOMAS DUTTON, A. M.

AUTHOR OF THE
LITERARY CENSUS.

LONDON:

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PREFACE BY KOTZEBUE.

THIS drama is a sequel to my **VIRGIN OF THE SUN**. My valuable friend **SCHROEDER** has made several trifling alterations in it, which I might have passed over in silence, from a confidence in his modesty; but which I gladly embrace this opportunity of acknowledging. In the first place, because I have never been ashamed of receiving instruction from a man like **SCHROEDER**:—And secondly, because the applause which this drama has obtained, might tempt some envious hyper-critic to dispute my claim to what is my own. The alterations which the piece has undergone are either such as have been made by **SCHROEDER** himself, or such as I have adopted by his advice.

To the former class belong: First, the total suppression of the scene in which **DIEGO**, **ALONZO**'s armour-bearer makes his appearance, which, independant of its having no connection with the leading incidents of the piece, interrupted the rapid progress of the first act, by unseasonable mirth*.

Secondly, The omission of a finale chorus, and an air which **ELVIRA** sings to the accompaniment of her guitar.

* This scene the Author has retained in the printed copy of his Play; and the translator has likewise given it a place, not because he did not fully and completely enter into the validity of **SCHROEDER**'s objection; but because he was unwilling to furnish a *certain* bookseller with a pretext for insinuating, that his translation was made from an *enlarged edition*.

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Thirdly,

Thirdly, PIZARRO's only *conjecturing* ELVIRA's design upon his life, of which he was originally bluntly informed by ROLLA, a circumstance which might subject the character of that hero to the imputation of a want of magnanimity.

Fourthly*, In softening down the cowardly baseness of PIZARRO, who originally had recourse to artifice to get ROLLA again into his power, in violation of the solemn promise he had given him.

I have myself, in deference to SCHROEDER's suggestions converted VALVERDE from PIZARRO's *Chaplain* into his *Secretary*; as a vicious clergyman, in the present day, is only suffered to be exhibited on the † GREAT THEATRE OF THE WORLD, not in the PRIVATE THEATRE OF A NATION. My intention was originally to have confined

* Of this additional improvement not the *slightest* notice is taken in the translation published by Mr. PHILLIPS, of St. Paul's Church Yard; though he plumes himself so highly upon the *critical* preface with which he has enriched his version.

† In the *veteran* translation of this *critical* preface, published by Mr. PHILLIPS, KOTZEBUE is made to say: "*That it must invariably excite disgust to behold, either upon the great theatre of the world, or the little theatre, (not alluding we hope to the Hay-market,) a clergyman of so contemptible a character.*" The different turn given to the sentiment in this version cannot fail to strike the observation of every attentive reader; but it is not for the translator to determine, whether this difference originates in the "*many spurious editions of this celebrated Play,*" (we quote the very words of Mr. PHILLIPS's advertisement,) "*which have appeared in Germany;*"—or from a *misconception* of the author's meaning.

this

this change to the stage; and to have permitted this vile priest, who is not a fictitious character, to appear in print in his native deformity: but after some attempts to draw this distinction, I found I had neither leisure nor inclination to trouble myself farther with such a wretch, and shall therefore leave him as he is.

The most important and beneficial alteration the drama has experienced, is unquestionably the elevation of ELVIRA'S character, which I undertook by SCHROEDER'S advice: and for which I feel myself most indebted to his counsel. ELVIRA, who, in her original form, approximated too nearly to a common prostitute, will in her present dress, it is hoped, possess some claim to compassion and admiration.

Various other alterations which SCHROEDER has been induced to make in the representation of the drama, in compliance with the public taste, I have declined adopting. I can see no reason why a writer for the stage may not explicitly mention, that the Pope issued a bull by which he made a grant of America to the Spaniards:—that another bull was published, enacting, that the American Indians should rank in the class of men, and not of apes:—that thirteen Indians were gibbeted in honour of Christ and the twelve apostles, and other similar facts. These are historic truths; and why they should be banished from the stage, I have yet to learn*.

* Whatever the German dramatist may have "*yet to learn*," we believe there exists but one opinion among the competent critics of the English Stage, that Mr. SHERIDAN has evinced great judgment in enforcing SCHROEDER'S objections to these particulars, by the sanction of his own example.

I eagerly

I eagerly avail myself of this opportunity to say a few words on the subject of *another of my dramas. A certain writer, of the name of SCHUETZE, has thought proper, in his "*History of the Hamburg Stage*," to assert, that SCHROEDER has introduced a number of important alterations in my "*Count Benyowsky*," to which the success of that piece is to be ascribed. This I must beg leave to tell him is *not true*: and this self-same Monsieur SCHUETZE would in future do well to inform himself of the subjects, on which he presumes so confidently to decide.

* The author makes mention of two of his works; but as only ONE of them "*Count Benyowsky*," is known in England, we have deemed it superfluous to notice his remarks on the other, which being a musical piece, and of course requiring a greater degree of skill and talent than works in prose, is not so likely to be introduced to the British public through the medium of the *Translating Manufactory*.

PROLOGUE

BRAMBLE TROOP

BRAMBLE TROOP
OF THE
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PROLOGUE

THOMAS STAMPA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N

PIZARRO,	-	-	Mr. BARRYMORE.
VALVERDE,	-	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
ALONZO,	-	-	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
DIEGO,	-	-	Mr. SUETT.
ALMAGRO,	-	-	Mr. CAULFIELD.
GONZALO	-	-	Mr. WENTWORTH.
DAVILA,	-	-	Mr. TRUEMAN.
GOMEZ,	-	-	Mr. SURMONT.
LAS CASAS	-	-	Mr. AICKIN.
ATALIBA	-	-	Mr. POWEL.
ROLLA,	-	-	Mr. KEMBLE.
CROZIMBO,	-	-	Mr. DOWTON.
CAPULCO,	-	-	Mr. CORY.
TELANIS,	-	-	Master CHATTERLY.

WOMEN.

ELVIRA.	-	-	Mrs. SIDDONS.
CORA,	-	-	Mrs. JORDAN.
			{ Miss DE-CAMP.
			{ Mrs. CROUCH.
VIRGINS of the Sun,			{ Miss LEAK.
			{ Miss STEEVENS.
			{ Miss DUFOUR.
HIGH-PRIEST,	-		Mr. SEDGWICK.
PRIESTS,	-	-	{ Mr. KELLY,
			{ Mr. DIGNUM.

Soldiers, Attendants &c.

THE
SPANIARDS IN PERU;

OR, THE
DEATH OF ROLLA.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*The Scene in this Act continues unvaried in PIZARRO'S Tent. ELVIRA*, in male Attire, sleeping on a Couch. VALVERDE† enters cautiously; gazes upon her with eager desire; kneels by her Side, and fondly kisses her Hand. ELVIRA awakes, and darts at him a Look of Displeasure.*

VALVERDE.

PARDON an act of presumption to which the power of your charms irresistibly impels me.

Elvira. My charms?—You promise fair to atchieve a miracle at last.

Valverde.

* In the representation at Drury-Lane Theatre, *Elvira* appears in a female dress. This, we think, rather detracts from the force of the character; as we find that lady not only the companion of *Pizarro* in all his perilous enterprizes, but his associate even in battle, gallantly fighting by his side; and emulating the warlike ardour which formed the basis of her attachment to *Pizarro*. The whole of the present scene is considerably curtailed; notwithstanding which, Mr. SHERIDAN has happily succeeded in giving *Elvira* a superior degree of dignity; and has sketched her character with the glowing tints and animated pencil of a master.

† The character of *Valverde* is essentially altered from the original. KOTZEBUE has depicted him throughout the whole piece as a base, crafty hypocrite, without one foil to his vices. Mr. SHERIDAN, on the other hand, makes him perform a generous action, by being instrumental to the escape of *Elvira*. The part, however, is, perhaps, the very worst in the whole play; and ought not to have been assigned to a

B

performer

Valverde. And what might that be?

Elvira. No less a miracle than to set a woman at variance with her own beauty.

Valverde. You are very sarcastic.

Elvira. Why do you thus disturb my pleasing dreams?

Valverde. What was the subject of those dreams?

Elvira. That I saw you hanged.

Valverde. How long will Elvira make a jest of my love?

Elvira. Love, say you!—Who, I pray, could confer so honourable a name on such a bastard passion?—Between ourselves, Valverde, whenever I hear you speak of love, it brings to my mind the idea of a pick-pocket asking an alms; and whilst he is invoking the blessing of Heaven on his benefactor, snatching the purse from the hand that is extended to relieve his wants.

Valverde. A lovely woman has uncontrouled liberty of speech.

Elvira. And a coxcomb will allow himself uncontrouled liberty of action. Who authorized you to break in upon my repose?—Is it not enough that my sleep is every night interrupted by the noise of your drums!—And yet I would rather have my ears tormented by them, than my eyes by thee.

Valverde. You are an adept in the art of putting a man's patience to the test.

Elvira. Shall I inform Pizarro of your perfidy?

Valverde. Rather inform me by what spell Pizarro holds you in his chains?—Wild and savage* is his eye; his beard shaggy and uncombed;—he is a hypocrite in friendship; in love, a tyrant.

Elvira. Hold!—Your funeral sermon is premature: remember, Pizarro is still living.

Valverde. Rough and unpolished, both in body and in mind; a swine-herd in his youth, he now rules men as though they were but swine.

performer of Mr. PALMER's talents. We forbear enlarging upon this topic, which, indeed, we should not have touched upon, but that we feel it an act of duty to do justice to merit, especially where it is evidently neglected, or exerted in a wrong sphere.

* Miss PLUMTRE, by a pardonable oversight, compares Pizarro's eyes to a wild ox. This mistake seems to have originated in her confounding the adjective *fiere* with the substantive *fier*, which latter signifies a bull.

N. B. We are happy to find, that Miss P — has corrected this error, in consequence of a direct, personal communication from the Writer of these Remarks.

Elvira. Ha! ha! ha!—Probably he knows your character better than you imagine.

Valverde. More ignorant than an Andalusian muleteer!—this formidable hero can neither read nor write!

Elvira. Hark you, mine honest friend! a woman in love enquires not whether the object of her passion can read or write; for love is only legible in the eyes, and in the heart only is it written. Valour holds a woman's soul in far securer chains than Science. Pizarro combats with the sword, you with the pen. He is prodigal of blood, you only prodigal of ink.

Valverde. As yet we have reaped little benefit from the effusion of either.

Elvira. And of what benefit, pray, is all your scribbling?—It never would have enabled Nugnez Balboa to discover the South Sea; nor would all the wise categories of Aristotle have furnished Pizarro and Almagro with the means of fitting out a ship. You might still have remained a groveller in the schools, and I, most probably, had been—a nun!

Valverde. And in my opinion it remains a question, whether we have been gainers or losers by the change?

Elvira. Not so with me! I would as soon be condemned to sleep my life away like a marmot, as pass it in dull monastic uniformity.

Valverde. This is the true character of your sex. To attract notice is the summit of your ambition. Splendid misery you prefer to happiness and calm repose.

Elvira. Are you yet to be told what women hold in greatest abhorrence?—unsolicited counsellors; preachers of common-place!

Valverde. Aye! Aye! scoff whilst the sun shines; and when the thunder rolls over your head, tremble. The latter moment is, perhaps, not far distant.

Elvira. What, is Valverde turned prophet!—What grounds have you for these gloomy predictions?

Valverde. Are we not in a foreign land, where Death, with savage grin, lurks in ambush in every unknown herb, in every yet untasted fruit?—Those whom the sword of the enemy spares, perish from the baneful influence of a * cli-

* Mr. LEWIS has very unaccountably parted the compound word *bimmels-freich*, which signifies climate, and translated it a *stroke of Heaven*:—"Whom the sword spares," he writes, "perishes by some unexpected stroke of Heaven."

mate to which they are unaccustomed. Daily is the number of our troops diminishing.

Elvira. So much the better. Are we not the heirs of those that fall?

Valverde. There lies the point:—the lust of plunder is your sole motive.

Elvira. And what is thine, Valverde?—Think you I cannot discern the wolf, because he mimics the bleating of the sheep? Can you hope to conceal the rogue from the penetrating eyes of woman?—Away, away! there is not in your whole camp, Las Casas excepted, a single man who speaks sincerely what he thinks.

Valverde. Name not that enthusiast; that visionary apostle of humanity and toleration.

Elvira. Know, there are moments in which the visions of that venerable man take a most powerful hold of my heart; moments, in which I would sooner kiss his grey beard than thy ruddy cheeks: when whole nights of voluptuousness would be requisite to efface one painful impression made by his words.

Valverde. For shame, Elvira!

Elvira. (*with a stifled sigh.*) Ah! had I but sooner become acquainted with this venerable man! Who can say, what then might have been my case?

Valverde. You would then have been a pious enthusiast in the cause of Humanity, as it is termed:—Nothing indeed, so easily leads men into enthusiasm as fine sounding words, to which no specific idea is attached. The imagination grows heated, it teems, and brings forth a martyr.

Elvira. Is Valverde turned philosopher?

Valverde. Does that character displease you?—With all my heart: let us descend then from the cloudy regions of Philosophy to the laughing meadows of Love.

Elvira. Your footsteps would blight their verdure. To be brief; my crafty friend, you must exchange your pen for a sword, and atchieve some illustrious exploit, if ever you hope to win Elvira's love.

Valverde. Tell me what mighty actions has Pizarro performed.

Elvira. Ask the Old World;—ask the New?—Self-supported by his own energy, Pizarro has raised himself from the obscure condition of a swine-herd, to the rank of a renowned chief and warrior. When, to conquer an unknown world, he left Panama in a small bark, with only an hundred followers

lowers in his train, my heart whispered me, "This must be a *bold* man." When, afterwards, in the little island of Gallo, he drew a line across the sand with his sword, and gave every one liberty to leave him that chose to over-step that line; when at the head of no more than thirteen tried associates, who swore adherence to him, he made a vow to die or conquer, then did my heart exclaim aloud: "This is a *great* man!"

Valverde. Great, if he succeeds; but should his plans miscarry, the world will stigmatize him as a madman and a fool.

Elvira. Such is the fate of every hero. Children view with gaping wonder the ascent of a rocket, but laugh at its explosion.

Valverde. But, suppose this rocket should ascend to the very sky, what hope can you form from it?

Elvira. To become Vice-Queen of Peru. Pizarro shall govern this savage people; I will civilize them.

Valverde. Are such, indeed, your expectations?—Little, alas! are you acquainted with Pizarro's crafty ambition. Should Fortune conduct him to the summit of his aspiring hopes, he would, in that case, make an offer of his hand to some female whose illustrious birth might cast a friendly veil over his own ignoble origin; and whose connections at court might secure him against the intrigues of his enemies. The wretched Elvira would be forgotten; forgotten all that she has done and suffered for his sake.

Elvira. Ha!—should that indeed prove the case!—but hush on, thou venomous reptile.

Valverde. To reverse the picture; on the other hand, Valverde, now, indeed, no more than private secretary to Pizarro; but soon, perhaps, chancellor, and Elvira his friend.

Elvira. Insolent prater!

Valverde. You trample down the flower which courts your hand, in grasping at fruit above your reach. Trust me, as long as Alonzo de Molina continues to instruct the enemy in our arts and discipline, Pizarro will find that he is only threshing straw.

Elvira. And as long as Pizarro continues to merit my esteem, so long shall no artifice have power to sever me from him. Should Fortune turn her back upon him, Elvira will take him by the hand.

Valverde. Repentance, though lame, never fails to overtake

overtake the fool at last:—But, hark! I hear Pizarro's voice.

Elvira. Quick then, assume an honest face, thou wily hypocrite, if thou canst.

SCENE II.—*Enter PIZARRO. He starts on seeing VALVERDE and ELVIRA together, and contemplates them with a Look of scowling Suspicion. VALVERDE bows; ELVIRA laughs.*

Pizarro. Why does Elvira laugh?

Elvira. To laugh and cry, without assigning the cause, is one of the few privileges we women enjoy.

Pizarro. But I will have that cause explained.

Elvira. You will?—you will?—but I will not.

Valverde. Donna Elvira was ridiculing my apprehensions—

Pizarro. Of what?

Valverde. Left the foe, by dint of superior numbers, and inspired by Alonzo—

Pizarro. (*Scornfully*) None but a woman, or the man who resembles one, can stand in dread of that stripling.

Valverde. You are right. My fears were childish and pusillanimous: a pupil under your banners, the presumptuous boy now revolts against his master.

Pizarro. At my table hath he banquetted, in my tent hath he reposed.

Valverde. Ungrateful wretch!

Pizarro. Dearly did I once love him. He was entrusted to my care by his mother. She was a lady of a high aspiring mind; and there glowed in the boy's breast a spark of heroic ardour, which I hoped ere long to fan into a flame.

Elvira. 'Tis the exclusive province of our sex to form heroes.

Pizarro. (*Tauntingly*) Say you so?—I never was in love.

Elvira. Then never were you a hero.

Pizarro. (*To Valverde*) Often when I recounted to him the history of our first expedition; how I was driven about, with a handful of men, by adverse elements, for seventy successive days; how storms and raging waves at sea; morasses, rivers, and trackless forests by land, rendered each step we took as painful and laborious as a day's march; how we had to contend alternately with the sa-

vage

vage inhabitants of the coast, and inclement skies; how incessant combats, famine, a torrid clime, and fatal disease, daily thinned the ranks of our little troop, till dire necessity at length compelled me to leave those accursed shores, and fly to an inhospitable coast opposite to the Pearl Islands, as the only chance of preserving my life: when in a plain unvarnished tale I recounted these perilous adventures to Alonzo, the generous youth clasped me with transport in his arms, and a tear glistened in his blue sparkling eye.

Valverde. And whose rude envious foot trod down to earth this rising promising plant?

Pizarro. Las Casas came between my hopes with his smooth tongue, transported the youth into loftier visionary spheres, intoxicated him with the maddening draughts of enthusiasm; and from that hour in vain have I laboured to draw him down from his air-built castles into the actual, material world.

Valverde. And then he fled, became your enemy, and a traitor to his native country.

Pizarro. But not till the silly *Boy* had first essayed to shake the firm, determined principles of a *Man*, and that man—Pizarro! Not till after he had hung weeping round my neck; had strove to wheedle the drawn sword out of my grasp, and called the Peruvians—our brethren.

Valverde. Blind, obdurate Pagans *our* brethren!—There, indeed, I recognize the pupil of Las Casas.

Pizarro. But when the stripling found that his tears fell upon cold and senseless marble, he flew and joined the enemy; took, traitor-like, advantage of their superiority of numbers, of the instructions he had received from me; took advantage of the practical knowledge he possessed, both of our strength and of our weakness; and at length reduced me—Ha! I burn with shame and with the thirst of revenge—to the ignominious necessity of retreating.

Valverde. But the hour of retribution is arrived, and vengeance hangs over his devoted head.

Pizarro. Yes, of a truth does it. With a mightier force have I returned, and the audacious boy shall dearly learn that Pizarro still lives, and has a grateful recollection of all the kind offices he has received at his hands.

Valverde. But is it ascertained, whether Alonzo be still living?

Pizarro. It is. Even just now our out-posts have made his armour-bearer prisoner. The enemy, it appears,
are

are twelve thousand strong;—their leaders, Alonzo and Rolla. To-day they offer a solemn sacrifice to their idols. Be it our part to take advantage of the blind security into which they are lulled, and to sprinkle their altars with human gore.

Elvira. What! fall upon them by surprize? Will not Pizarro take me with him as his companion?

Pizarro. 'Tis not a ball I am preparing to attend.

Elvira. Nor is it to a dancer that I offer myself as partner.

Pizarro. If in my armoury you can find a * sword sufficiently light for a lady's hand to wield, attend me, and take your station by my side.

Elvira. Will this increase your affection towards me?

Pizarro. It will; and for this plain reason: the tumult of the fight will be my best † guarantee for your fidelity.

Elvira.

* We are not a little puzzled to devine Mr. SHERIDAN's motive for making Pizarro counsel Elvira to provide herself with a *spear* instead of a *sword*. Independant of the consideration, that a spear must be both more ponderous, and more difficult to manage; we do not find this *nominal* exchange of weapons warranted by the sequel. In the Fifth Act, where Elvira makes her appearance in company with Valverde, she is expressly *armed with a sword*, with which she very seasonably comes to the succour of Alonzo, and enables that hero to violate historic truth, by furnishing him with the means of *prematurely* dispatching Pizarro.

† To a *liberal* mind, it must ever prove an unpleasant circumstance to be under the necessity of animadverting on the occasional errors of other writers; and the *feeling* critic cannot but experience an aggravated sensation of pain, when the object of his remarks is a female, and that female a person of worth, and no mean literary attainments. The regard, however, which we owe to truth and justice, compels us to observe, that Miss PLUMMER has committed a slight mistake in her translation of this passage. From the casual resemblance which the word *buerge*, in the phrase *buerge seyn*, bears to *burg*, a castle, or fortreis, she has been misled to render this passage: "The tumult of battle would be a *fortress*, in which I should consider your fidelity as secure."—Whereas in fact, no mention, no allusion is made to a *fortress*; but the phrase simply implies—"The tumult of battle will be my guarantee for your fidelity."

Reluctant

Elvira. You are mistaken. A woman who wishes to deceive, will brave all perils of the earth and sea and furious elements to mask her purpose.

Pizarro. I thank you for the hint, and shall not neglect to write it down in my memory.

Elvira. You cannot write.

Pizarro. Elvira!

Elvira. Why that wrathful look? Is it then my fault?

Pizarro. You well know what displeases me.

Elvira. Suppose you had experienced the misfortune to break your leg at nurse; would you be ashamed of limping in your walk?

Pizarro. Drop the subject; and never let me hear you introduce it again.

Elvira. (Aside.) In the heel only was Achilles vulnerable.

* SCENE III.—DIEGO brought in Prisoner.

Diego. Oh me!

Pizarro. Dost thou still remember me?

Diego.

Reluctant as we in general are to "show Authors where 'their error lies,'"—we possess, in the present instance, too firm a conviction, grounded on personal acquaintance (but here, as in all similar cases, the maxim applies

Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas) of Miss PLUMTRE's candour and good sense, to be under the slightest apprehensions of giving umbrage to that intelligent lady. No spirit of rivalry can be supposed to exist on the part of the writer of these strictures, who, whatever his abilities may be in this line, feels little ambition to follow the dull, mechanical trade of *translating*. Miss PLUMTRE's Versions (those at least which she has hitherto *published*, and from these we augur a favourable presage of her future performances,) will ever place her in the rank of a respectable writer. The present *supernumerary* translation, by the author of the LITERARY CENSUS, is not to be regarded as a *rival* production; he has merely taken up the trade of a translator, as furnishing him, in the present instance, with an opportunity of addressing a few candid strictures to the Public, which have at once a reference to the general state of literature, and more immediately to the character of the national drama. Under these circumstances, his notice of Miss PLUMTRE's productions is rather to be viewed in a flattering light.

* The whole of this scene has been omitted since the first night's representation. In this the manager has displayed a

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considerable

Diego. How could I possibly forget the flower of Spanish knighthood?

Pizarro. How long ago is it since you paid the last visit to my kitchen?

Diego. So long, an' please you, that I have almost reduced myself to a skeleton by fasting.

Pizarro. Is your master still living?

Diego. He is.

Elvira. What brought you hither to us?

Diego. I was allured by the delicious smell of a sucking-pig, which your soldiers roasted in one of the out-posts.

Pizarro. Tell me what is the strength of the enemy?

Diego. Twelve thousand men.

Pizarro. And Alonzo, I suppose, is their commander?

Diego. Alonzo and Rolla.

Pizarro. Who is this self-same Rolla?

Diego. A savage, who has entered into a league with Satan himself; one who flourishes an enormous club with as much ease, as I could a quarter of lamb; and who wields his sword with as much dexterity, as does your cook a skimming ladle.

Pizarro. I could wish to be acquainted with him. Are he and Alonzo friends?

Diego. Friends?—yes, truly; he is passionately in love with Donna Cora.

Pizarro. And who is Donna Cora?

Diego. My master's wife.

Pizarro. Is your master then married?

Valverde. And to a heathen!—Oh! horrible abomination!

Diego. They love each other for all the world like two Christians.

Valverde. Has he caused her to be baptized?

considerable share of judgment; as it was incontrovertibly of too low and contemptible a cast to accord with the general complexion and dignity of the piece. We are the more gratified in its suppression, as it has proved the means of adding to the interesting part of the *Old Cazique*, so ably sustained by that meritorious performer, Mr. DOWTON. The beautiful character of *Rolla*, is now incorporated in the speech of the latter. Some remarks on *DIEGO's* character, by KOTZEBUE himself, and his friend Schroeder, are contained in the Preface which accompanies this translation.

Diego.

Diego. No; my master says, it is possible to be virtuous and good, without baptism.

Valverde. Oh! the blasphemous wretch!

Pizarro. Does Cora bear him company in the camp?

Diego. She does, together with her child, and a number of other females.

Pizarro. I am glad to hear it. The more women, the easier will be our victory. The screams and cries of the women enervate and dishearten the men. Are they prepared for battle?

Diego. No! this is the day appointed for a solemn sacrifice.

Valverde. Is it to the devil that they sacrifice?

Diego. No! to the sun.

Valverde. But the sacrifice, no doubt, consists of human victims?

Diego. No! it consists of fruits and aromatic herbs.

Pizarro. Then it shall be our province to supply the human blood for sprinkling their offerings. And now thou hast talked enough, Signor Diego, you may even betake yourself to my kitchen, and assist the turnspit.

Diego. With pleasure. Only do me the favour to look at these lank sides, and wasted legs. I have lived upon nothing but putrid fish, sour cherries, and cakes of maize ever since I have been among these vile heathens.

Pizarro. Were I to deal with you according to your merits, I should order you to be hung up, as a deserter, on the first tree.

Diego. Alack! oh dear! (*To Elvira*.*) Pray do you, my fair young gentleman, be my advocate with the general.

Pizarro. Take yourself off, and thank your own stupidity that I have not made a severe example of you.

Diego. Heaven be praised then, for granting me such a comfortable share of stupidity.

One of the Guards. Shall we put him in chains?

Diego. Learn, fool, to chain up your own tongue.

Pizarro. Feed him well, and I'll answer for it he does not desert a second time.

* It must be remembered, that Elvira, on the German stage, is dressed in man's apparel.

Diego. Long life to Don Pizarro!—He retains a grateful recollection of his old friends. [Exit*.]

Pizarro, (after a short pause of reflection.) Yes, my resolution is fixed. The sacrificers shall themselves be made the victims. First, hold we a council of war, and then to battle. Elvira retire.

Elvira. Why should I retire?

Pizarro. Because men are to meet here, and on manly business.

Elvira. And is a woman an intruder on such occasions?—O Man! Man! Man! ungrateful sex; the most valuable gift conferred upon you by nature, ye make use of merely as a play-thing. I shall not retire.

Pizarro. Remain then, and if possibly thou canst, be silent.

Elvira. Those only babble who practise not reflection. I shall think, and therefore shall be silent.

SCENE IV.—*Enter LAS CASAS, GONZALO, DAVILA, and several other Spanish Officers.*

Las Casas. Pizarro, we attend your summons.

Pizarro. Be seated, venerable father, and you, likewise, my worthy friends. At length is the moment arrived in which we shall reap the fruits of our perilous enterprise. Lulled into blind security, the enemy this day offer a solemn sacrifice to their idols. My counsel is, to fall upon them by surprise; then death to the armed, and chains to the defenceless.

Almagro. I vote for putting every Peruvian to death, without exception, whether found in arms or not.

Gonzalo. The women and children, methinks, might be spared.

* Had we merely consulted our own taste, and the credit of the German Dramatist, we certainly should have imitated the example of the Drury-Lane Manager, and by a total suppression of this scene, have consigned the wretched attempt at wit and humour to merited oblivion. But, however honourable such a line of conduct might be to Mr. KOTZBUE's reputation, we are well aware that advantage would be taken of it, in a certain quarter, to insinuate that the present translation had been made from a *spurious* and *imperfect* edition. We have, therefore, reluctantly suffered this disgraceful monument to stand.

Almagro.

Almagro. Better were it to extirpate the whole race at one decisive blow.

Valverde. In honour of the Christian faith.

Las Casas. Cease to blaspheme.

Almagro. Too long inactive have we loitered on this coast.

Las Casas. And now would fain practice murder, by way of employment.

Almagro. As yet I see no benefit accruing from the heavy expences we have incurred.

Pizarro. We suffer want; and the troops begin to murmur.

Gonzalo. While Alonzo revels in luxury, and derides us.

Pizarro. That false, perfidious boy!—that traitor to his country!

Las Casas. My heart yet ceases not to assure me, that Alonzo experiences a severe struggle between his philanthropy, and his affection to his native country.

Almagro. Your heart naturally pleads your pupil's cause.

Las Casas. True, he is my pupil; and I take pride in calling him by that title.

Almagro. Enough of that; he shall soon learn to know us.

Pizarro. The enemy's numbers encrease daily; the country is strange and unknown to us; famine stares us in the face; and delay enervates our courage. Against these threatening and accumulating dangers, we have only one resource left, and that is, to give the enemy battle.

All, (except Las Casas.) To battle then!—To battle!

Las Casas. Dreadful and soul-harrowing echo!—A battle? and against whom? Against a monarch, who but a few days since tendered you his hand in amity—against a people that never wronged the living being their Creator formed; who inoffensively cultivate their native fields, and worship God according to the religion of their forefathers, in unblemished innocence.

Valverde. Say, rather against a Pagan king, who sacrifices to the sun; and who must therefore perish by the sword, in honour of the true religion.

Las Casas. Is then the cruel measure of your guilt not yet full? When will your lust for blood be satiated with the murder of these poor children of innocence, who accorded you such a hospitable reception?—God of Omnipotence! thou, whose thunder-bolt can shiver into dust the adamantine

tine rock ; whose sun can dissolve even mountains of ice ; impart a portion of thy power to my words, as thou hast communicated a spark of thy divine benevolence to my will.—(*Re-addressing himself to the Assembly.*) Pass but in review the millions of unhappy victims wantonly sacrificed to your lust of plunder. As *Gods* ye were received ; as *Fiends* you have acted. Freely, and with chearfulness, did these innocent natives share with you their gold, and the produce of their lands ; you repaid their kindness by violating their daughters and their wives. Human nature could no longer brook such infernal treatment ; the victims of your oppressions presumed but to murmur, then were your blood-hounds trained to hunt them down like savage beasts of prey. Those who escaped the fury of this diabolical chase, were yoked to the plough, and compelled to till their own fields for your use ; or sentenced to a living death to work your gold mines, and supply the cravings of your insatiable avarice.

Pizarro. You exaggerate ?

Las Casas. Exaggerate?—Would to Heaven I could exaggerate!—Would I had done even justice to your enormities!—But scenes of still greater horror remain to be disclosed ; scenes which might draw tears from the eyes of tigers—But hush, my sighs ! ye tears debar me not of utterance ! Bets were made, which of you possessed the greatest dexterity in cleaving a fellow-creature asunder ; or who most skilfully could strike off a head : you tore infants from their agonizing mother's arms, and in mere wantonness, dashed out their brains against the rocks. You refined, with the malice of demons, on the modes of torture, and roasted their chiefs before slow fires ; and if their piercing shrieks disturbed their diabolical tormentors in their sleep, gags were forced down their throats to stifle their cries of anguish. Thirteen Indians were hung on thirteen different gibbets,—Oh God ! dare I utter the impious sentence !—in honour of Christ, and his twelve apostles. These aged eyes have witnessed the barbarities, the horrors I relate ; and still I live !—You weep, Donna Elvira ? Is then yours the only heart in all this company susceptible of being moved by this tale of horror ?

Almagro. I should suppose it is ; for we have no other women except Elvira and yourself.

Pizarro. The doleful tale you have just recited, does not implicate us. What have we to do with the cruelties of a Columbus, or an Ovando ?

Las

Las Casas. Are ye not on the very eve of renewing those atrocities?

Valverde. And supposing we were; it is yet a moot point, whether those Indians belong to the human species, or to the tribe of apes.

Las Casas. Woe to you! and justly, if you cannot recognize your fellow-creatures, without a bull from the Roman pontiff.

Valverde. The New World was given us by his Holiness, "*to subdue it by aid of the divine favour* *."

Pizarro. Cease this vain discourse. Time flies, and with it our opportunity. Say, my friends, are ye disposed for fighting?

All. We are.

Las Casas. Oh! rather send me again to treat with the enemy. Let me speak to them in the language of peace; let me, with gentleness, inculcate our holy religion into their hearts.

Valverde. First let these heroes fight, and prepare the way for the doctrines of our holy religion †.

Las Casas. With blood?

Almagro. We leave it to your pious tears to wash out the stain of blood. But away, my friends! let us lose time no longer.

Las Casas. Oh God, thou hast appointed me thy servant, not to curse, but to bless thy creatures—But here my benedictions were blasphemy.—Curses light upon you, homicides. Accursed be your cruel purpose; accursed the bond of blood by which you are united. On you and on your children be the innocent blood which you this day meditate to shed—I now leave you, and for ever, that I may no longer be an eye-witness of your atro-

* This is a literal quotation from the papal bull. See Robertson's History of America.

It would be almost superfluous to apprise the reader, that these documents of cruelty are very judiciously suppressed in the representation. The character of *Las Casas*, as depicted by Mr. SHERIDAN, is truly noble; and a most able representative has that humane friar found in Mr. AICKIN.

† The reader will recollect from the preface, that *Valverde* was originally designed by KOTZEBUE to represent *Pizarro's* chaplain. This accounts for his frequent allusions to religion, and the traits of bigotry, intolerance, and persecution, which mark his character.

cities. In caverns and in forests will I hide myself from your hateful sight; with tigers and with leopards will I commune:—and when we shall hereafter conjointly stand before the tribunal of that God, whose mild doctrines, and whose mercies you have this day forsworn, then tremble at the dreadful * charges which your accuser will have to prefer against you. (*Going.*)

Elvira. Good Las Casas, let me accompany you.

Las Casas. No! stay, and save thy fellow-creatures if thou canst. Here I have no longer any influence: but the charms of woman often plead more powerfully than the eloquence of an aged man. Haply, thou art destined to be the guardian angel of these unfortunate natives. [*Exit.*]

Pizarro. What was your purpose, Elvira?

Elvira. Scarcely can I tell myself. The venerable father appeared to me this moment something more than human; and you, and all your troop, degraded below the human level.

Almagro. The grey-bearded enthusiast raves.

Valverde. He dreams of Plato's visionary world.

Pizarro. Dead to the power of enjoyment himself, he now reads his penitential sermon.

Elvira. Mock as you please; there is something in my heart that gives the lie to all you say.

Gonzalo. Pity becomes a beauteous woman.

Elvira. And humanity a conqueror.

Pizarro. I am heartily glad that we are relieved from the lectures of that austere moralist.

Almagro. Right! we shall now yawn the less, and fight the more.

Pizarro. At the hour of noon, when the sun rides vertical, it is the custom of the Peruvians to sacrifice to that deity. Do you, Almagro, wheel round by the left thro' the forest: you, Gonzalo, must occupy the hill on our

* Mr. SHERIDAN has given a very happy turn to the concluding sentence of *Las Casas'* speech, which tends to exhibit the character of that venerable priest in a more amiable light. Instead of threatening to aggravate their doom by *his* accusations at the tribunal of Eternal Justice, he contents himself with *warning* them of the misery they will entail upon their own heads by persisting in their sanguinary and destructive measures. "Then (he says) shall ye experience those pangs which now rend the bosom of your accuser."

right.

right. I shall charge the enemy in front. Are we victorious, the gates of Quito will be thrown open to receive us.

Almagro. And then shall we hail Pizarro monarch of Peru.

Pizarro. Not so hastily, my friends. To proceed with safety, we must proceed with caution. Ataliba must still hold the shadow of a sceptre; Pizarro apparently rule under his authority, and by espousing his daughter, secure to himself the succession to the throne.

Gonzalo. A most excellent plan.

Almagro. Pizarro shines equally as the hero and the statesman.

Valverde. (*Apart to Elvira.*) Hearest thou that, Elvira?

Elvira. Nay, the plan is most delightful! and where is Elvira to remain?

Pizarro. In the house of her friend.

Elvira. As attendant on the queen?

Pizarro. On the heiress of Peru I shall confer, what generally falls to the lot of princesses—my hand. Elvira will still retain unrivalled possession of my heart.

Elvira. And when age steals on me, you will appoint me governess to your children? Do you promise that?

Pizarro. Does Elvira feel offended? Reflect that a sceptre beckons me.

Elvira. Offended! say you? No! No! I only feel a little vexed, that you do not should possess more penetration than myself.

Pizarro. What am I to understand by that speech?

Elvira. Oh, nothing! mere whim and caprice! Pardon the natural loquacity of our sex. It shall no longer obstruct the hero's career. The din of arms summons you hence. Away! ye men of mighty prowess!

Pizarro. You mean to accompany us?

Elvira. Most certainly.—Elvira must be the first to hail the future monarch of Peru.

SCENE V.—*Enter GOMEZ.*

Almagro. What news, Gomez?

Gomez. We have just made prisoner an old Cazique under the palm-trees on yon hill, who seems to have been sent as a spy upon our camp. He saw he could not escape us, and suffered himself to be chained without resistance. Yet every word he utters breathes indignation and defiance.

D

Pizarro.

Pizarro. Conduct him hither, (*Gomez obeys his instructions and returns immediately to the tent with the captive Cazique.*)

Pizarro. Who art thou?

Cazique. (*Firm and undaunted, but without any braggado-cio-airs.*) First tell me, which among you is the Captain of this band of Robbers.

Pizarro. Ha!

Almagro. Have you lost your senses?—(*to Pizarro*) shall I tear his tongue out by the roots?

Cazique. You counsel well; that will save you the pain of hearing truth.

Davila. (*drawing his dagger.*) Let me plunge this into his heart.

Cazique. (*to Pizarro.*) Does your army boast many such heroes?

Pizarro. (*His eyes sparkling with rage.*) Stubborn fool! for this insolence thou shalt die. But first * confess what thou knowest.

Cazique. My confession is † already made. Yet one thing I have just learned from thee.

Pizarro. And what is that?

Cazique. That I must die.

Pizarro. Less audacity might, perhaps, have preserved thy life.

Cazique. My life is like a withered tree; it is not worth preserving.

Pizarro. Our arms can raise thee to the first rank among thy countrymen.

* We know not by what strange coincidence of sentiment, both Mr. LEWIS and Miss PLUMTRE, in their respective translations of this play, have given a turn to this passage, which would lead the reader to suppose, that *Pizarro* had thrown out a threat to put the old *Cazique* to the torture. Whatever might be the intentions of the Spanish chief, his speech on the present occasion does not authorize the anticipation of such a menace.

† Here the veteran translator of KOTZEBUE has fallen into a most egregious error: which entirely destroys the force of the concluding part of *Crozimbo's* speech. The old *Cazique* is made to say: "Such a confession will soon be made," instead of declaring that he has no farther confession to make; which circumstance alone gives propriety to what he afterwards adds: "Yet one thing I have just learned from thee."

Cazique.

Cazique. My countrymen are well acquainted with the character of old Crozimbo! he never was accounted the last among them.

Pizarro. This very morning we mean to attack your forces; be our guide through the forest, and we will load you with treasure.

Cazique. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Pizarro. You treat my proposals with derision?

Cazique. I am above thy power to bribe; I possess the wealth of two gallant sons. I have, stored in heaven, the riches which repay good actions; and still my richest treasure do I bear about me.

Pizarro. What is that? answer us directly.

Cazique. I will;—for it never can be thine:—The treasure of a pure, un sullied conscience.

Pizarro. Few Peruvians durst answer as thou dost.

Cazique. I wish I could say, No Spaniard durst *act* as thou dost.

Pizarro. What is the number of your army?

Cazique. Count the trees in yonder * forest.

Almagro. Which is the weakest side of your camp?

Cazique. It has no weak side; it is every where fortified with justice.

Davila. Which is your appointed hour of sacrifice to the sun?

Cazique. Our gratitude ascends to heaven at all hours.

Pizarro. In what place have you concealed your wives and your children?

Cazique. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Pizarro. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Cazique. Do I know him?—The benefactor of our race!—The guardian angel of Peru!

Pizarro. How has he merited that title?

Cazique. By not resembling thee.

Almagro. Madman! speak with more respect.

Cazique. I speak in truth to God; and shall I not speak truth to man?

* As this image is retained in the representation; we could have wished the manager, and machinists by his direction, had paid a little more attention to scenic propriety. They might have given us a distant view of a forest, and not suffered poor *Crozimbo* to point to the tent-hangings for an illustration of his metaphor.

Valverde. You do not know God.

Cazique. (*Raising his folded arms to heaven, with a look of pure devotion and firm confidence.*) Yes, I do know him.

Valverde. We bring you the only true and saving faith.

Cazique. Our religion is written in our hearts.

Valverde. You are base idolaters.

Cazique. Suffer us to follow the faith of our ancestors, which teaches us to live in amity with all mankind, and to die in hope of bliss beyond the grave.

Davila. Perverse and obdurate race!

Cazique. Young robber, we do not live by plunder.

Davila. Be silent, or tremble.

Cazique. I never yet trembled before God:—why then should I tremble before man—why before thee—thou less than man?

Davila. (*Grasping his dagger.*) Heathenish dog! another word, and this dagger shall seal thy lips for ever.

Cazique. Strike:—then may'st thou boast among thy friends at home: "I too have murdered a Peruvian."

Davila. (*Stabbing him.*) Be this thy passport to hell.

Pizarro. What are you doing?

Davila. Can you tamely endure such insults?

Pizarro. He has escaped the torture.

Cazique. (*Feeling himself mortally wounded.*) Young man! your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack, and you yourself have lost the opportunity of a useful lesson. You might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted tortures, and with what patience virtue would endure them.

Elvira. (*To the Spaniards.*) Barbarians! monsters!—(*Addressing herself to the dying Cazique, whom she stoops to assist.*) Wretched old man, I pity thee.

Cazique. I wretched! I, so near the goal of my happiness. See! my wife beckons me!—The glorious luminary smiles upon me!—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you, as I do *. (*Dies.*)

Elvira.

* Fine as is the *sketch* of the old *Cazique's* character drawn by the German dramatist, it can be considered merely as a *rude outline*, when placed in competition with the exquisite and *highly-finished full-length*, painted by the masterly hand of Mr. SHERIDAN. Independent of other beauties, which no pencil, but that of the *first* of British dramatists could produce, this picture has received additional charms by the introduction of

Rolla's

Elvira. Say, Valverde, could a Christian meet death more nobly?

Valverde. He was supported by the power of Satan.

Pizarro. Bear off the body.—And henceforth, Davila, never be guilty of a similar act of rashness.

Davila. Your pardon, General—my blood boiled in my veins.

Pizarro. Follow me, friends, and let each hasten to his appointed post. Ere the Peruvian god shall sink into the main, the Spanish banners shall wave in triumph over the walls of Quito.

(*Exit, followed by Almagro, Davila, Gonzala and Gomez.*)

SCENE VI.—VALVERDE and ELVIRA.

Valverde. Now, lovely Elvira, is it presumption in Valverde to avow that his hopes increase with the increasing arrogance of Pizarro?

Elvira. Good heavens! What strange sensations do I feel!—How is my mind distracted with conflicting passions!—This horrible, this shocking succession of cruel scenes!—this refinement in barbarity!—this ingenuity in the arts of torture!—this open bare-faced avowal of rapacity and sordid lust of rule.

Valverde. Fly to my arms.

Elvira. Miserable, indeed, must be Elvira's lot, when Valverde's arms are her only refuge.

Valverde. Do you dispute my power of aiming a dagger with certainty?

Elvira. Not, if you stab your enemy in the back—at what price would you hire yourself as an assassin?

Valverde. The price must be high, indeed—yet to you of easy payment.

Elvira. Easy, say you? You mistake. And yet an injured woman never thinks revenge too dearly purchased. At present leave me to my own reflections. You shall hear from me anon.

Valverde. The weapon is already whetted; the arm already raised.—But a word, a single word from you, and the tyrant lies bleeding at your feet. [*Exit.*]

Rolla's character, which, in consequence of the judicious suppression of *Diego's* part, is now put into the mouth of *Crozimbo*. We cannot close these remarks, without again expressing our approbation of the able manner in which this admirable character is sustained by Mr. DOWTON.

Elvira.

Elvira. (Alone.) No !—were my * soul even bent on murder, I would not take *this* revenge ! not employ *this* instrument ! Indelible would be the disgrace, were I to act in concert with this wretch. Should Pizarro renounce me—me, who to him have sacrificed my honour and my fame—then indeed.—But why argue on the supposition of *his* renouncing me—(*assuming an air of conscious dignity.*)—It belongs to *me* to renounce *him*.—What part of his character was it that engaged my love ? His greatness ! But now that he has approved himself mean and little—my love is gone.—Yet, hold !—Does a man always carry his resolutions into effect ?—Ambition, like children, constructs houses of cards, which fall before the breath of love—Put him once more, *Elvira*, to the test—probe him well—if thou findest him undeserving of thy esteem, despise him, and trample him indignant in the dust, from which he rose. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Peruvian Camp, in the Vicinity of a Village, the last Houses of which are discerned. In the centre of the Stage stands an Altar : In the Back-ground rises a Hill, with a Tree.*—*CORA* appears seated on a Bank of Turf, with her Child in her Lap. *ALONZO* stands facing her, gazing on her with looks of ineffable Delight.

CORA. (Smiling alternately on Alonzo and on her child.)

CORA.

HE greatly resembles you.

Alonzo. No, rather he resembles you.

Cora.

* Perhaps, a more striking instance of misconception of the author's sense was never exhibited in print, than Mr. LEWIS has displayed in his translation of this passage, which he renders thus : "*I bough on this murder, my soul depended, " would I not take such vengeance," &c.* High time is it, when popular writers are guilty of such gross perversions, that some competent person should be entrusted with the reputation of
foreign

Cora. Let me enjoy the pleasure of tracing your likeness in his features.

Alonzo. Is not his hair jetty like yours?

Cora. But his eyes are blue like his father's.

Alonzo. Has he not your very dimple when he smiles?

Cora. (*Fondly clasping the child to her bosom.*) He bears a resemblance to both of us.

Alonzo. The little urchin robs me of my rights. He shares caresses, which till his birth were only mine.

Cora. In the child, I kiss the father.

Alonzo. The little rogue will make me jealous.

Cora. My existence is wrapped up in him and you. I dreamed the other night that he had cut a tooth.

Alonzo. That will be a holiday for us.

Cora. And a second holiday, when he first can run from my arms to your's.

Alonzo. The third, when for the first time he lisps the sweet accents of Father! Mother!

Cora. Oh, my beloved Alonzo! we will daily offer the incense of gratitude to the gods.

Alonzo. To God and Rolla.

Cora. Tell me, Alonzo, are you perfectly happy?

Alonzo. Can Cora ask that question?

Cora. Why then these restless nights? why these startings in your sleep? why do I hear your bosom heave with involuntary sighs?

Alonzo. Am I not reduced to the cruel necessity of bearing arms against my brethren?

Cora. Is it not they that seek our destruction? Are not all men brethren?

Alonzo. And what must I expect to be my fate, should the Spaniards prove victorious?

Cora. We will fly for refuge to the mountains.

Alonzo. Fly, say you, with an infant in your arms.

Cora. Why should that prevent us? Thinkest thou

foreign authors of acknowledged celebrity. Miss PLUMTRE's translation, it is but justice to add, though far from being satisfactory to a judge of composition, adequately versed in the idiom of both languages, is, in point of *literal* fidelity, far superior to that published Mr. LEWIS. A few hours exercise *per day*, in composition, under the auspices of a writer of taste, would qualify Miss P. for the career, in which she has so honourably embarked,

a mother,

a mother, when she flies from danger, feels the weight of her child?

Alonzo. How gladly would I relieve your arm from the sweet burden.

Cora. (archly.) That Fernando will not suffer: he cries when you take him.

Alonzo. Dearest Cora, is it your wish to set my mind at ease?

Cora. You know I desire nothing more ardently.

Alonzo. Fly then this very day to the mountains, and join your aged father: there you will be in safety. Whatever, then may be the issue of the contest, I shall speedily return, either to announce our victory, or to terminate my life in that unexplored sanctuary, which the kind hand of nature has provided for the unfortunate.

Cora. And there we will rear up our son to be the future avenger of his country's wrongs.

Alonzo. That shall be our primary care.

Cora. But, dearest Alonzo, I cannot fly now:—not at a moment like the present. The consciousness of the perils to which you will be exposed would impede my steps.—And when busy thought should anticipate possibilities, and represent you wounded;—left to the care of strangers! Oh! that is a reflexion I never could support.

Alonzo. Shall I not have Rolla for my associate?

Cora. Yes, whilst the * battle lasts. Rolla well understands to inflict wounds, but not to heal them. He will avenge; not save thee. No! my Alonzo, where the husband is, there the wife must be also, I have sworn, and strictly will I keep my vow, never to leave you but in death.

Alonzo. Stay then, thou mirror of constancy and truth! and Heaven grant victory to our arms.

Cora. Is not the contest we wage a war of self-defence? The gods themselves will be our protectors.

Alonzo. Or, should it be otherwise decreed; my most fervent wish is to meet death entwined in the circle of your arms.

Cora. Talk not of dying. Since I have been blessed with thee, and this sweet babe, the idea of death is painful to me.

Alonzo.

* The speech, which Mr. SHERIDAN has put into Cora's mouth on this occasion, is so exquisitely beautiful, that we

Alonzo. (Kneeling, and locking his wife and infant in his arms.) Incomparable woman! destined for me from thy birth, and mine almost by miracle. How greatly is the wretch to be pitied, who seeks for happiness, and passes by love in the pursuit!

Cora. (Returning his caresses.) Love is a silent passion. They who hope to trace it by the sound, will miss the track.

Alonzo. My Cora! My world!

Cora. My Alonzo! My All.

SCENE II.—*Rolla enters, approaches them * unperceived, and silently witnesses their pious transports.*

Rolla. (After a pause.) Thanks to the Gods for this ecstatic moment!

Alonzo. Ha, Rolla! you here?

Rolla. I was participating in your transports.

Alonzo. 'Tis to you we are indebted for them. This is your work.

Rolla. Rapturous reflection!

Cora. Kind Rolla! you have rendered me inexpressibly happy.

cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating it: *Cora* says, "While the battle rages, and where it rages most, brave *Rolla* will be found. He may revenge, but cannot save thee. To follow danger, he would leave even thee."

* The effect of this pathetic interview is greatly weakened in the representation, by the publicity of *Rolla's* entrance to the sound of trumpets. We are well aware, that very extensive and important curtailments must be indispensably necessary to reduce the play to a legitimate length; but, with all due deference to the *higher powers*, we are of opinion, that the pruning-knife might have been more happily exercised on many of the redundancies which still are suffered to remain. There is a degree of *moral beauty* and *delicacy* in the opening of this scene, which we regret to see sacrificed to senseless parade and pantomimic pageantry. *Rolla.* "the first and best of heroes," (as he is described in the animated language of Mr. SHERIDAN) is not less distinguished by a sense of the most refined delicacy, and inherent modesty of mind (inseparable from true, and superlative merit) than by valour and heroic magnanimity. The strong appeal, which his generous sympathy in the happiness of his friends, from a casual, unnoticed contemplation of their transports, makes to the heart, loses all its force by the ceremonious announcement of his entry.

E

Rolla.

Rolla. Flattering idea! Cora happy, and Rolla the instrument of her felicity? Ye monarchs of the earth! Is there one among you could tempt me to exchange situations?

Alonzo. Our brother!

Cora. Our *more* than brother—our friend.

Rolla. Right!—make me yet prouder—let me banquet on your happiness.

Cora. Should this child ever approve himself less grateful to Rolla, than to his father—dearly as I love him, his mother's curse shall fall upon his head.

Rolla. Forbear, I beseech you. The object of my love was Cora's happiness. I see her happy: Am I then not richly rewarded? Now, listen to the council of a friend. Fly, Cora, with thy child into the recesses of the forest, or seek refuge among the mountains: here you are not safe.

Alonzo. I have urged the same request, but without avail.

Cora. Can I be unsafe with Rolla and Alonzo?

Rolla. The enemy plans a surprize.

Cora. Be it so—Are we not upon our guard?

Rolla. The scale of victory is in the hands of God.

Cora. To fly with * you, my husband and my friend, will not be difficult to Cora.

Alonzo. Expose not yourself to the terrors and the dangers of the fight.

Cora. I fear not danger but in your absence.

Rolla. You can yield us no assistance; but you may do us great injury.

* In this passage the translator has been under the necessity of particularly specifying both *Alonzo* and *Rolla*; as the idiom of the English language does not in this instance point out the distinction between the *plural* and the *singular* number so forcibly as the German. Without this necessary addition, it would appear, that *Cora* was directing her speech entirely to *Rolla*, and that *his* company was sufficient to facilitate her flight without that of her *husband*. Miss PLUMTRE has not adequately expressed the author's meaning, when she makes *Cora* say, "We can easily, if necessary, flee together." The genuine purport of *Cora's* speech is not, that it will be easy (abstractedly speaking) to flee together; but that her flight, with all its concomitant difficulties, will be rendered comparatively easy by the company of her husband and her magnanimous friend.

Cora.

Cora. Injure you? How so?

Rolla. Must I explain myself? Thou knowest we love thee. Art thou near us, we shall fight * under dread and to disadvantage:—even fighting, we shall constantly be retreating towards the spot where thou art stationed. A lover can never assume the character of the general, till he knows the beloved of his heart is removed to a place of safety.

Alonzo. Rolla reasons justly. How could I boldly charge the foe, and cut myself a passage through their ranks, whilst I beheld but even *one single Spaniard* near me, who might endanger the safety of my Cora?

Cora. (*Smiling.*) You hope to flatter the vanity of the woman; but the wife pays no regard to your words.

Alonzo. And is the mother's ear deaf also?

Rolla. Act as you please; I have spoken what I know to be truth.

Alonzo. All our women have sought an asylum, you only excepted.

Cora. I rely with perfect confidence on the gods and on you. Yet if your peace of mind requires it, I will go whithersoever you please to direct.

Alonzo. Excellent wife! thou hast my warmest thanks.

Rolla. The king approaches to the sacrifice.

Alonzo. Have you taken measures against surprise?

Rolla. All our posts keep a vigilant look out.

Alonzo. My squire is missing; I do not suspect him of premeditated treachery; but he is a simpleton, and may be easily worked upon.

Rolla. Be under no apprehensions:—we are fully prepared.

SCENE III. *Enter ATATIBA, escorted by a numerous Train of Soldiers, Courtiers, Priests, and Women.*

Ataliba. Welcome, Alonzo!—(*To Rolla.*) Gallant kinsman! your hand. (*Addresses Cora.*) May the blessing of Heaven rest upon the happy mother.

Cora. May the Gods bless the father of his people.

* The meaning of this speech is at once best illustrated and best expressed by the words which Mr. SHERIDAN puts into *Rolla's* mouth "Art thou near us, our thoughts, our vengeance, and our valour will not be our own. No advantage will lead us from the spot where thou art found," &c.

Ataliba. To render his children happy is the highest gratification of a parent's heart! How fares it, my friends?—What is the temper of our troops?

Alonzo. They shout with joy—"Our King is in our midst.

Rolla. He shares our toils, our dangers, and our wants.

Alonzo. God and our King.

Rolla. Victory or death.

Ataliba. I know the hearts of my people. Should my shield be pierced, and rendered useless, there is not one of my subjects that would hesitate to present his breast as a buckler for his King *.

Alonzo.

* Perhaps a fitter opportunity could not be selected, than is furnished by the present dialogue between ATALIBA, ROLLA, and ALONZO, of contrasting the powers of the German and British dramatist. For this purpose we subjoin a part of the speech which Mr. SHERIDAN has given to the Peruvian Chiefs, briefly premising, that as we quote from *memory*, and that under the disadvantage of not having been happy in obtaining a feat well-calculated for the purpose of *bearing with accuracy*, we cannot presume to offer this extract as a complete specimen of Mr. SHERIDAN's powers of language, but rather as a rude outline. Such, however, as it is, we are confident, it must command the applause of every reader; whilst the sentiments it conveys are so noble, so patriotic, so loyal, and so inimitably adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the times, that we should conceive it an act of national injustice, not to disseminate them by every means within our power. In answer to *Ataliba's* demand; "What is the temper of the troops?"—*Rolla* makes reply—

"Such as befits the cause they support;—the Monarch they obey. Their cry is, "Victory or Death!"—their universal shout—"OUR KING! OUR KING! OUR COUNTRY! AND OUR GOD!" How infinitely superior is this nervous and *concentrated* speech (if we may be allowed the phrase) to the languid dialogue of the original, which loses all its energy by being frittered down, and subdivided into almost as many separate speeches as there are sentiments in it. *Rolla's* address to the soldiers furnishes a still stronger evidence of the English writer's superiority.

"Never was the hour of peril nigh, when to inspire them, words were so little needed. My brave associates in arms! Companions of my toils and of my pains! Can *Rolla's* voice add vigour to the virtuous energies, which animate your bosom? No! you judge as I have done of
" the

Alonzo. In that case, be mine your first choice.

Rolla. And let not Rolla be forgotten.

Cora. (*Presenting her child.*) And here behold the future champion of your son.

“ the crafty plea with which these foul invaders would
 “ delude you. Your manly spirit has compared, as I have
 “ done, the motives which in this war influence their actions.
 “ *They* fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule : *We*
 “ for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow
 “ an adventurer whom they fear ; obey a leader, whom they
 “ hate. We serve a MONARCH, WHOM WE LOVE ! A GOD
 “ IN WHOM WE TRUST ! Wherever they move in anger, de-
 “ solation tracks their progress :—wherever they pause in
 “ amity, affliction mourns their friendship.—*They* boast they
 “ come but to instruct us ; to free us from the yoke of error !
 “ —Yes, they would give enlightened freedom to our
 “ minds, who are themselves the slaves of avarice, cruelty
 “ and ambition. *They* offer us their protection :—Yes,
 “ such protection as vultures give to lambs, *covering and de-*
 “ *vouring* ! They call upon us to barter all of good we have
 “ *inherited and proved* for the desperate chance of something
 “ better, which they *promise* us. Be our plain answer this :—
 “ THE THRONE WE HONOUR IS THE PEOPLE’S CHOICE !
 “ THE LAWS WE REVERENCE ARE OUR BRAVE FOREFA-
 “ THERS’ LEGACY ! The faith we follow, teaches us to
 “ live in bonds of charity with all mankind ; and to die in
 “ hope of bliss beyond the grave. We seek NO CHANGE,
 “ and least of all such CHANGE AS THEY WOULD OFFER
 “ us !”

With this opportunity of comparison, we leave it to our Readers to decide upon the merits of the two writers. Will the *pious*, the *pragmatic*, and *immaculate* HANNAH MORE refer these sentiments to that class of German literature, which she informs us levels its envenomed shafts against the principles of religion and morality ? Will she persist in telling us, that as there are “ multitudes in the nation who never read “ (and not a few who *cannot* read, not having enjoyed the incomparable advantages of *her* tuition) great pains have been “ taken to promote the same object, viz. the subversion of “ religion and morals, and of the glorious constitution under “ which we live, through the medium of the stage, by the “ introduction of German Dramas ?” Will she repeat this charge against the Managers of our Theatres in a future edition of her *Lamentations of Jeremiah* ?

Ataliba.

Ataliba. Your affection is my dearest treasure : now do I feel rich indeed ; but say, do the Spaniards still remain inactive ?

Rolla. They do ; but the pause is ominous, like the dread silence which proceeds a tornado.

Ataliba. Be cool, deliberate courage, then, our shelter against the storm.

Rolla. They fight for sordid gold ;—we for our native land.

Alonso. They are led to battle by an adventurer ;—we by a monarch, whom we love—

Ataliba. And by a God whom we adore. Come, my friends, let us offer sacrifice to the Gods. (*The priests arrange themselves behind the altar ; the king and the rest of the assembly occupy the sides.*)

* CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

SOURCE of life ! and fount of light !

God ! before whose piercing eye,

Flaming in the orient sky,

Fly th' unhallowed shades of night ;

Propitious smile ; incline a gracious ear ;

With power protect, and with thy favour cheer !—

PEOPLE

* Some of our DIURNAL critics have taken considerable pains, through the medium of the newspapers, to vindicate the introduction of *chorusses* into modern tragedy. To justify Mr. SHERIDAN's retention of the German airs, they have had recourse to the old plea of *precedent*, and grounded their defence on the practice of the ancients. In our opinion, the discussion is altogether nugatory. There is not the smallest point of analogy between the *chorusses* in *Pizarro*, and the *chorusses* of the Greek and Roman drama. The former are incidental to the play, and arise naturally out of the leading features of the plot. The Greek and Roman chorusses on the other hand, served as a kind of interlude, and were rehearsed by persons unconnected with the general interest of the piece.

Indeed, so far from condemning the introduction of solemn airs in tragedy when judiciously managed, and not *lugged* in (to adopt a homely phrase) we rather incline to think that they might be very advantageously employed to heighten the general effect. When we consider the flattering specimen, which Mr. BUSBY has recently given of his extraordinary talents in this line, in his Oratorio of *Prophecy*, and his beautiful

PEOPLE.

Hear, well pleas'd, the infant tongue
 In thy sacred rites engage;
 Hear, well pleas'd, thy praises sung
 By the fault'ring voice of age.
 See with rev'rence round thy shrine
 Children, parents, prince and subject join:
 Accept their vows, and firmly, ne'er to part,
 Entwine the monarch's and the people's heart.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Your hearts, your knees, in pious homage bend,
 And let your pray'rs and hymns to Heav'n's high throne ascend!

PEOPLE (*kneeling.*)

Pure our souls, and free from guile,
 We to thee an off'ring bring;
 Deign, propitious pow'r, to smile,
 (*King*) Bless the people!—(*People*) Bless the king!
 Our country save, bid war, and bloodshed cease,
 And grant us victory, as the means of peace!

The king approaches the altar, which he bestrews with aromatic flowers. The Priests, during this ceremony, sing with folded and uplifted hands.)

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

God of Peru! thy wanted favour show,
 So shall our grateful songs thy praise proclaim;
 Of vows accepted now the pledge bestow;
 Send from on high the self-enkindled flame.

tiful Ode of *Ocean*, we cannot but ardently wish to see those abilities exerted in the sphere in which they are so eminently calculated to shine. Under the auspices of that scientific composer, the sister arts of music and poetry would be most happily blended, and the stage be rescued from the disgraceful imputation under which it at present labours, of being a mere vehicle for unmeaning sing-song.

Ere we finally dismiss the subject, we must, after briefly premising, that the scene of the *Temple of the Sun* is in point of pageantry one of the grandest spectacles the stage can boast, take the liberty of recommending to the *Virgins of the Sun*, to imitate, (if they can) the interesting manner in which that charming actress Miss DE CAMP acquits herself. There is a degree of inspiration in her countenance, her attitude, her gesture, and the *tout ensemble* of her performance, most happily adapted to the solemnity of the occasion.

Display

Display thy grace, thy mercy, and thy power,
And bid celestial fire our sacrifice devour.

(*Fire descends from heaven and consumes the sacrifice *.*)

GENERAL CHORUS.

Now the song of triumph raise!
See the sacred altar blaze!
See the curling smoke arise,
Wafting odours to the skies!
The God of Day accepts our vows,
And will his people's cause espouse.
Now vict'ry summons to the field;
On high the Inca's banner rear;
His sword let ev'ry warrior wield,
And point with certain fate the spear.
With battle-axe the foe assail,
With maces break their coats of mail,
Deal death with vig'rous arm around,
Till ev'ry Spaniard bite the ground
Unerring be the arrow's flight;
Show'r sure destruction from the sling:
And whilst we boldly rush to fight
And put our country's foes to rout,
Be this the universal shout:

"OUR GOD! OUR COUNTRY! AND OUR KING!"

SCENE IV. (*Enter an Indian, panting for breath.*)

Indian. The enemy †!

Ataliba. How near?

Rolla. On which side do they advance?

Indian. From the summit of the hill I reconnoitered the Spanish camp. They are falling out.

Rolla. We need no further intelligence.

Ataliba. Conduct the women and children to a place of safety.

* A very common trick with priests, and certainly far more innocent and pardonable, than many of our christian miracles.

N. B. This note is not by the *translator*, but by KOTZEBUE himself.

† The worthy performer, who *enacts* this very important part, pronounces these *two* words with such felicity of expression, that neither the solemnity of the preceding scene, nor the pathetic cast of the present, can restrain the risible propensities of the audience. He seems to be of true English *bottom*, for he makes a laugh of the threatened attack, and turns invasion into a jest.

Cora.

Cora. Alas! and must we part, Alonzo?

Alonzo. We shall meet again.

Cora. Invoke a blessing on your son:

Alonzo. To God's protection I commend both him and thee.

Ataliba. Haste!—the moments are precious.

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo. (*The women hang upon the necks of their husbands, and the children clasp the knees of their fathers.*)

Alonzo. Leave me, I conjure you.

Cora. I go:—Act as becomes the hero; but consult your safety as far as honour permits.

Rolla. (*Sorrowfully.*) Will not Cora say one parting word to Rolla?

Cora. (*Giving him her hand.*) Bring me back my Alonzo!

Ataliba. God be with you and with us!

Cora. Heaven prosper your arms! (*Exit with the Priests and the other women.*)

Ataliba. (*Drawing his sword.*) Now then, my friends, let us march!

Rolla. We follow you.

Ataliba. You, Alonzo, shall guard the narrow pass through the mountains; Rolla, shall charge the enemy on the right hand of the wood; whilst I lead the centre, and fight till I see my people saved, or they behold their monarch fall.

Rolla. You shall not fall without us:

Ataliba. Live to protect my son; my son shall live to avenge his country.

Alonzo. May victory crown the banners of the father of his people!

Rolla. With the return of evening we shall return to offer up our grateful praises to the sun.

Ataliba. Be the word of battle,—“GOD AND OUR NATIVE LAND!”

[*Exit with warriors.*]
(*Rolla prepares to follow him, but is detained by Alonzo.*)

Alonzo. Rolla, one word ere we part.

Rolla. The watch-word is—Battle! [Going.]

Alonzo. One word concerning Cora.

Rolla. Concerning Cora?—Speak, then; but be brief.

Alonzo. What is the alternative of the next hour?

Rolla. Death! or victory!

F

Alonzo.

Alonzo. Victory for you ; for me death ; or perhaps our lots may be reversed. Who can decide that question ?

Rolla. Or both may fall.

Alonzo. And should it be the fate of both to fall ; in that case, I commend my wife and child to God and to the king :—God will be their consoler ; the king their protector.

Rolla. That he most assuredly will.

Alonzo. But should I fall, and thou survive ; then, Rolla, I appoint thee my heir.

Rolla. How am I to understand your words ?

Alonzo. Be thou the husband of Cora, the father of Fernando.

Rolla. I will.

Alonzo. Give me your hand in pledge of your promise.

Rolla. On condition that it meet with Cora's consent.

Alonzo. Promise to apprize her of my last request.

Rolla. I will.

Alonzo. And bear my paternal benediction to the infant at her breast.

Rolla. No more on this subject, I beseech you. In the hour of battle, the shouts of contending hosts are more grateful to mine ear than the last request of the husband and the father.

Alonzo. I cannot account for the gloomy forebodings which oppress my mind ; I never experienced such sensations before.

Rolla. Away to battle.

Alonzo. But one word more : Let my corpse be interred at the foot of the palm tree, under which we have passed many a happy evening ; be this still your favourite spot, where you will sit with Cora on the tomb of your departed friend. As often as my son shall pluck a flowret that adorns his father's grave, or the soft breath of zephyr whisper among the foliage of the palm, you will heave a sigh to my memory. *

Rolla.

* Miss PLUMPTRE has introduced a very *flowery* speech on this occasion, which certainly reflects great honour on the *inventive* imagery of her pen. But the author of the present translation, much as he admires this beautiful address, prefers

Rolla. (*deeply affected.*) Banish these idle fancies.

Alonzo. (*affectionately grasping his hand.*) You will retain me in your remembrance?

Rolla. Be assured we will.

Alonzo. Now, then, let us hasten to the scene of action.

Rolla. Our posts are differently assigned;—your's on the left hand, mine on the right:—but we shall meet again.

Alonzo. (*dejectedly.*) Yes; here, or above!

Rolla. Here, I hope and trust.

Alonzo. Heaven graciously grant it.

Rolla. Now, then, let our swords speak for us.

[*They both draw.*]

Alonzo. For the king and Cora!

Rolla. For Cora and the king! [*Exeunt on different sides.*]

SCENE V.*—*A blind and hoary VETERAN conducted by a Boy.*

Veteran. Are they gone?

Boy. Yes, they are all off, some one way, some another.

Veteran. Now do I most feelingly regret my loss of fight. Had my eyes not failed me, I might have grasped a sword, and died a soldier's death.

Boy. Shall we return to the hut?

to appear in the plainer garb of the original, rather than detain *Alonzo*, at such an unseasonable moment, in culling rhetorical flowers, or check the ardent impetuosity of *Rolla's* soul, which may be supposed to pant more eagerly for deeds of renown, than the opportunity of listening to a florid harangue.

* This and the following Scenes certainly contain many very affecting and pathetic touches; and will be found to excite a considerable degree of interest in the closet; but they are too long, and not sufficiently diversified with incident to be acted in their original form. Mr. SHERIDAN has compressed the several Scenes in which this blind veteran makes his appearance, and thrown in an additional *quantum* of bustle and incident. Mr. CORY acts the part of the blind veteran *Capulco* in a very creditable style, his tone of voice is well adapted to the character.

Veteran,

Veteran. No! my child, conduct me to the altar,
(*The Boy leads him thither.*) Here let me post myself,
Are we entirely alone?

Boy. They are all fled. My father has joined the
army; my mother is gone I know not whither.

Veteran. I am uneasy on your account, my poor child.

Boy. I will stay with my dear grandfather.

Veteran. And what will you do should the enemy
come upon-us?

Boy. I will tell them that you are blind and aged.

Veteran. They will drag you away.

Boy. Oh, no! they will perceive that you cannot
walk without my assistance. (*A noise is heard at a distance.*)

Veteran. Hark! they are engaged.—Go, child, and
ascend the hill where stands your grandmother's tomb;
climb the tree which I planted in honour of her memory,
and which is now grown to a considerable height. You
will be able to overlook the field of battle from its summit.

Boy. What! shall I leave you here alone?

Veteran. I stand at the foot of the altar, and in God's
presence.—Go, then, and inform me what you see and
hear. (*The Boy climbs up the tree.*) Since I learned the
use of arms, this is the first battle in which I have not
borne an active part. But a few years ago I could bend
my bow with the Inca himself; now am I only useful to
pick cotton with the women. Now must I be content to
hear the clashing of swords, and the clang of opposing
shields, without being able to succour either myself or
others. Yet, with every warlike shout, with every blast
of the trumpet, my hand is instinctively stretched out,
and grasps eagerly at my side—where now, alas! its
wonted weapon no longer hangs.—Well, my boy, what
can you discern?

Boy. A great quantity of dust and smoke.

Veteran. Well do I know that dust, often have I in-
haled it; but the smoke proceeds most certainly from the
fiery tubes of the Spaniards, which vomit flame, and roar
forth thunder, like the dreadful volcano Catacunga.—
(*Calls to the boy*) Tell me what more thou can'st discover?

Boy. Whenever the smoke dispels, I see our troops.

Veteran. Do they press onwards?

Boy. They keep their ground.

Veteran. That's a good sign. Can you discern the
Inca's banner.

Boy.

Boy. It waves in the centre.

Veteran. The Gods be praised; the king lives.

Boy. Now I can see the enemy, their arms flash lighting.

Veteran. Proceed! proceed!

Boy. They are not formed as we are.

Veteran. How so, my child?

Boy. They are of a much larger make, and move with greater velocity.

Veteran. They ride on spirited beasts.

Boy. Now they mingle with our troops.

Veteran. And do they fall?

Boy. It lightens, and a cloud of smoke ascends.

Veteran. Level, Omnipotent Avenger! thy thunderbolts at their devoted heads.

Boy. The Inca's banner disappears.

Veteran. Alas!

Boy. Our troops give way.

Veteran. My sword! my sword!—I will away to the field of battle!—I will join the warriors!—But for this once, Oh, blessed Sun! let thy light visit these eyes.

Boy. A thick cloud obscures them from sight.

Veteran. Wretched man! that I should live to witness this day of horror!—Is there then no way left in which I can serve my country?—Yes; I can still pray for its prosperity. (*Kneels and throws his arms round the altar.*) Ye Gods! whose anger now falls heavily upon us, in mercy cease to annihilate a people who worship you with pure devotion. Protect your son, the virtuous Inca; let him not fall by the hands of robbers.

Boy. A small troop approaches this way.

Veteran. Are they friends or enemies?

Boy. I can only discern a cloud of dust.

Veteran. Fly, my good child; retreat to the mountains.

Boy. The tops of their lances glitter.

Veteran. They are Peruvians then.

Boy. They hasten this way.

Veteran. Come down from the tree.

Boy. It is one scene of confusion in the distant part of the field.

Veteran. Do our troops continue to fight?

Boy. They do; and retreat very slowly.

Veteran. Yet still they retreat. Oh! cruel Gods! Come, my child, come down.

Boy,

Boy. (*Descends from the tree.*) Shall we go in quest of my mother?

Veteran. No! I will seek the grave, my child;—the grave which already opens to receive me.

SCENE VI.—*Enter ATALIBA wounded, and conducted by a party of Soldiers.*

Ataliba. Here let me rest,—here die, if fate have so decreed.

Soldier. We will stay with you.

Ataliba. By no means. Return to the combat; there your succour will be wanted.

Soldier. But your wound——

Ataliba. Is not dangerous. Go; and avenge the death of your brethren. Go, I command you. (*Exeunt Soldiers, Ataliba supporting himself on the altar.*) Just Powers! what crime have I committed to deserve this heavy doom?

Veteran. I hear the voice of misery, but cannot see the mourner. Who art thou that thus complainest?

Ataliba. A wretch almost by hope itself forsaken, one who prays for death.

Greis. Is the king alive?

Ataliba. He is.

Veteran. Then art thou not forsaken; Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

Ataliba. And who shall protect Ataliba?

Veteran. The immortal powers that protect the just.

Ataliba. The anger of Heaven has fallen heavily upon his head.

Veteran. That is not possible: Ataliba has never perverted justice; never oppressed the weak; never suffered parasites to fatten on the industry of his peasants; his hand was never closed to the prayers of the needy; nor his ear deaf to their complaints.

Ataliba. (*Aside.*) God! Thou hast attempered the bitterest hour of my life with some of its sweetest moments. Venerable old man! do you know the king?

Veteran. I do; I have seen him frequently. It is not many years ago that I fought by his side against Huascar.

Ataliba. How long have you served him?

Veteran. Four and fifty years.

Ataliba.

Ataliba. Has the king rewarded your fidelity?

Veteran. Do I not enjoy repose in the bosom of my family?

Ataliba. Have you received no other remuneration?

Veteran. Do you account that nothing? Believe me, friend, a king who secures to his subjects the enjoyment of tranquillity, has strong claims upon their gratitude.

Ataliba. But he owed thee a greater recompence.

Veteran. Speak not in this strain: daily do my grandchildren entertain me with the virtues of Ataliba, and the blessings he diffuses among his people. I listen to the recital with pious attention, and experience the liveliest sensations of delight.

Ataliba. Do all your brethren think of the king as you do.

Veteran. They are all unanimous in this opinion.

Ataliba. Why should I stand in fear of death? How is this? I feel no longer the pain of my wound.

Veteran. Are you wounded?—Run, boy, and bring my balsam from our hut.

Ataliba. I return you my best thanks. It is only a wound in my arm.

Veteran. You ought not to have abandoned the king.

Ataliba. One of the tendons of my sword arm is cut, and I cannot hold a weapon.

Veteran. It would have become thee then to have wielded thy sword with thy left hand.

SCENE VII.—*Several *INDIANS run across the Stage flying from the Enemy.*

Indians. All is lost! save yourselves by flight.

Ataliba.

* We make no doubt but proper attention has been paid in getting up this drama to the customs, manners, dresses, and other localities of the Peruvians. We cannot, however, help remarking, that the tout-ensemble of their arms presents such a motley, grotesque spectacle, that we were at first tempted to conclude the Manager had hired the *weapons offensive* of the most noble company of chimney-sweepers (May being generally a kind of holiday month with the heroes of the brush and scraper); or that the *culinary* establishment of the theatre had been put in a state of requisition. On this doubtful and highly important subject, a letter

Ataliba. (To one of the last.) Stay, I command you.
(The Indian obeys.) Where is Alonzo?

Indian. I have not seen him.

Ataliba. Where is Rolla, then?

Indian. In the thickest ranks of the enemy.

Ataliba. And you have deserted your commander?

Indian. (With confusion.) I have lost my sword.

Ataliba. Then take mine; and die as becomes the champion of his native land.

Indian. Death alone shall rob me of this valuable Trust.

Veteran. (Calling after him.) Lives our monarch still? Alas! he hears me not.

Ataliba. The king still lives.

(An INDIAN, mortally wounded, comes with difficulty to the feet of ATALIBA.)

Indian. Here let me die!

Ataliba. Is all lost?

Indian. Yes; all, alas!

Ataliba. Has Rolla fallen?

Indian. Alonzo fell; but Rolla still defends himself.

Ataliba. (Deeply afflicted.) Alonzo dead! Ye Gods! This is a severe blow.

Veteran. You make no enquiry concerning the king.

Ataliba. (Taking the sword of the wounded Indian.) Give me your sword; you have no longer any use for it.

Indian. My gracious King! What do you purpose?

Ataliba. To embitter the triumph of the haughty Spaniards! and bury myself beneath the ruins of my empire!

Veteran. Gracious Powers! And have I been speaking to Ataliba?

Ataliba. Let the foe advance; I am prepared to meet them.

(Rolla's voice is heard behind the Scenes.) Back, back, ye dastards! — Rally round me! — 'Tis Rolla calls.

(Several Peruvians reply behind the Scenes.) We fly to join thee, Rolla; we will follow thee.

(Rolla's voice at a still greater distance.) For God! and for our king! Away, and renew the battle.

ter, we are given to understand, will shortly appear in that profound miscellany of *antiquarianism*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*; but whether by Dr. G—h, or Mr. N—l, we have not been able precisely to ascertain.

Ataliba

Ataliba. My valiant Rolla still lives! I may still cherish hope.

Veteran. Beloved king! art thou so near me, and I knew thee not? Now have I reason to regret my loss of fight.

Ataliba. Your loyal attachment, venerable soldier, affords me a gleam of comfort in an hour of most poignant anguish.

Veteran. (*Having received the balsam from his grandson.*) Permit my trembling hand to bind up thy wound, and let some drops of this healing balsam distill upon it.

Ataliba. I accept, and thank you for your kind offices.

Veteran. Would to heaven I could offer a more worthy tribute to my king! but this, and my prayers, are all I have to bestow.—Climb the tree once more, my child, and observe the motions of the army.

(*The wounded Indian, writhing in the agonies of death, at Ataliba's feet.*) First born of the Sun!—bless me—I am dying.

Ataliba. Thou diest in a noble cause; in thy country's defence; and God will bless thee.

Dying Indian. May God bless——our gracious Sovereign!——* (*dies*)

Ataliba.

* An attentive perusal of Scenes VI. and VII. down to this passage, will strongly illustrate the characteristic difference between the English and the German stage. No London audience, we are persuaded, could patiently endure the representation of such a drawling dialogue, spun out, as it were, by the mechanical process of *wire-drawing*, till it loses all weight and solidity, and at the same time measured out in such scanty proportions, into such an infinity of questions, replies and rejoinders, that three words, on an average, form the full complement of a speech. It is in vain to look for nerve in this species of composition. The author, however, it must be acknowledged, makes ample amends for the brevity of his speeches, by the long directions he gives respecting their delivery. As it is in many instances almost impossible to gather the purport of a speech from the words of the speech itself, he is very careful to tell us that such a sentence is spoken *with great emotion*, another *with great confusion*; (this, we fear, by the bye, is too often the case!) a 3d, *with agitation*; a 4th, *after reflection*; a 5th, *without any reflection at all*; a 6th, *starting*; a 7th, *shudderingly*; an 8th, *gloomily*; a 9th,

Ataliba. A subject's blood is a precious pledge entrusted to a monarch's care. Heaven is my witness I have not wantonly caused it to be shed!

Veteran. Say, my child, what dost thou discern?

Boy. Friends and enemies promiscuously engaged.

Veteran. Which party gives way?

Boy. Neither.

Ataliba. Gracious powers! if your wrath cannot be appeased without a sacrifice, here am I; but spare, oh spare my people!

Boy. The hats with the high plumes of feathers disappear.

Veteran. Those are the Spaniards. Strike home, my valiant countrymen! strike home, and spare not.

Boy. Now I can discern Rolla.

Ataliba. I need not ask, does he keep his ground?

Boy. His sword flames like lightning.

Veteran. Rolla is the favorite of the gods.

Ataliba. The favorite of gods and men!

Boy. Now they give way.

Veteran. Which party?

Boy. The enemy.

Veteran. (with rapture.) Follow up your blows, my countrymen;—relax not in your vengeance; let not the bodies of those that fall arrest your progress. Give them no quarter. Cut them down even as they have cut down you.—Right, right!—push onwards.

Ataliba. What youthful ardour does this hoary warrior display!

Boy. The enemy fly.

Veteran. (Leaving the altar and feeling his way.) Ha! they fly! Pursue them;—extirpate the whole detested brood!—Where am I?—Why am I condemned to linger here?

Boy. (with a loud shout.) Triumph! they fly.

Ataliba. God! thou hast not suffered my pious confidence to go unrewarded.

Boy (descending from the tree.) I could plainly discern

a 9th, merrily; a 10th, crying; an 11th, smiling bitterly; a 12th, with embarrassment; and so in endless variety. The Translator has, in many instances, forbore ringing these perpetual changes, except where a speech is so obscurely worded as to stand in absolute need of the illustration *a la Kotzebue*.

their

their flight. The Inca's banner follows in pursuit of them. (*He reconduces his grandfather to the altar.*)

Veteran. First-born of the Sun! suffer me to kiss the hand of my sovereign; the tears start into my aged eyes; but they are the tears of joy! First-born of the Sun! let my tears bedew thy royal hand.

Ataliba. Tears of joy are the most grateful offering in the sight of heaven! (*rising and reaching his hand.*) Let us return thanks to the gods.

(*The Indian to whom Ataliba had given his sword rushes breathless upon the Stage.*) We have conquered!

Ataliba. Welcome messenger of heaven!

Indian. (*Laying his sword at Ataliba's feet.*) Here, my king, is thy sword; I have not disgraced it.

Ataliba. Keep it in memory of this glorious day.

Indian. Suffer me, my gracious king, to bury the history of this day in oblivion; and take back thy sword. How could I shew to my grand children the monument of my disgrace?

Ataliba. (*pointing to the sword.*) Is it not reeking with the blood of the enemy? Arise, my son; this blood has washed out the stain upon thy honour. Now relate how was the battle gained?

Indian. It was Rolla turned the scale of victory, and wrested the palm of conquest from the victor's hand. Rolla appeared inspired with more than mortal powers. When our troops were put to the rout, and vainly endeavoured to escape the fire of the enemy, which overtook them in their flight; when the Spanish sword was weary with slaughter; in that dreadful extremity, Rolla threw himself in our passage, and with intreaties, with threats, arrested our flight: lightning flashed from his eyes; thunder rolled on his lips:—and then again were his accents gentle like the cygnet's song. One moment he pointed his sword against the fugitives; the next, he bared his own breast, and bade them strike. Thus he stopped, called back, and rallied our dispersed forces; and seizing the Inca's banner with his left hand, rushed like a tempest on the foe. Meanwhile the Spaniards, confident of victory, had already began to plunder the slain, and their ranks were in disorder. Led on by Rolla, and propitious gods, our swords in one moment reversed the fate of the day. Here fell the enemy without resistance;—there they fled with precipitate terror. We re-

mained masters of the field. Hold! exclaimed Rolla. — Our troops sent up the joyful shout of victory, and I hastened hither with the glad tidings.

Ataliba. Where is this hero of his country? Where is my gallant Rolla?

Indian. Already he approaches.

Ataliba. Now do I feel that even monarchs are poor.

SCENE VIII.—ROLLA, (*bearing the banner of the Incas, on which glitters the effulgent image of the sun; and escorted by a numerous train of warriors; ATALIBA goes forth to meet him.*)

Rolla. (*Kneels down, and places the standard at the feet of the Monarch.*) Hail! gracious Sovereign! thy arms have conquered.

Ataliba. (*Raising him up, and embracing him.*) My friend! my tutelary genius!

People. Long live Rolla!

Ataliba. (*Taking a diamond sun, which glitters on his breast, suspended by a golden chain, and hanging it round Rolla's neck.*) Receive this in the name of the people, whom thou hast this day delivered. Wear this monument of their gratitude. The tear, which has dimmed its lustre, will best explain thy Sovereign's feelings.

Rolla, (rising.) I have but been an instrument in the hands of the gods.

Veteran. How greatly is the blind man's lot to be pitied, who can only hear the hero!

Ataliba. Speed with the joyful tidings to the women, who, with anxious solicitude await our return.

Rolla. Where is my friend Alonzo?

Ataliba. He rests with the gods!

Rolla. Then am I most wretched.

Guyomer. Alonzo fell in the battle.

Zorano. He was taken prisoner.

Guyomer. My eyes beheld him fall.

Zorano. And I saw him dragged prisoner.

Rolla. Unhappy Cora!

Ataliba. Oh! Victory, dearly purchased!

Guyomer. He fell, 'tis granted; but he yet lives.

Zorano. I heard his voice at a distance, calling for succour.

Rolla. And Rolla did not hear the voice of his brother!

Ataliba.

Ataliba. The gods demanded a victim. Our friend is lost, but our country is saved. The victorious shouts of the people drown our lamentations. Away, and let us hasten to comfort the widows, who have this day lost their husbands;—of the mothers, who have lost their sons. To wipe away the tears of the fatherless and the widow is a Monarch's noblest office.

Rolla, (in despair.) How can I support the sight of Cora without Alonzo?
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

* *An open place in a forest.*

SCENE I.—*CORA, and her child, ZAMORA and XULIQUA, IMRA and BARSANA. Several other women and children are seen in detached groupes. FERNANDO is sleeping under the shade of a tree upon a bed of moss, defended with branches of trees. CORA leans over him, and watches his slumbers.*

Cora. Still dost thou sleep, sweet innocent? Wilt

* In the representation, we are presented with a view of a cavern, or sanctuary, among the rocks. The scenery is very magnificent, and like that of the temple of the sun, as tawdry as gilt gingerbread. An English audience, however, concern themselves little about the violation of propriety, whilst they can feast their eyes on a puppet-show. To render the place of concealment, (which cannot be at a great distance from the field of battle, as we find messengers dispatched backward and forward,) more secure, a singing party is introduced, consisting of a Quintetto by *Mrs. Crouch, Misses De Camp, Leak, Stevens, and Dufour.* The whole scene has been greatly curtailed, by leaving out the entrance of the different messengers, and at once introducing *Ataliba, Rolla,* and a detachment of the Peruvian army, marching in triumph into this place of concealment and security, with trumpets blowing before them as loud as they can roar, to prevent, we suppose, the situation of this *unprofaned recess* from getting wind among any straggling party of the Spaniards. The nostrum which the blind veteran has prescribed for *Ataliba's* arm, must have been of the most efficacious virtue, and superior even to *Friar's Balsam* for the cure of a cut, as we find the Monarch using his arm with as little symptom of difficulty or pain, as if his wound had been a mere flea bite.

thou

thou not yet open thy blue eyes, that thy mother may contemplate with delight their resemblance to thy father? (*Raises herself mournfully.*) Alas! where are his father's eyes? Do they yet sparkle? Does he yet live?

Zamora, (looking towards a distant hill.) Xuliqua, dost thou perceive nothing?

Xuliqua, (behind the scenes.) I just now saw thick clouds of dust, but they have disappeared again.

Zamora. The battle must soon be decided.

Imra. As I stood on the summit of the hill, I could distinguish the clank of arms.

Barfana. A hollow sound rung in my ears.

Zamora. That proceeded from the shields of our countrymen.

Barfana. We could all hear the fire-arms of the Spaniards.

Imra. May the gods protect our husbands!

Cora, (aside, raising her folded hands to heaven.) May the * one and only God be thy preserver, Alonzo.

Zamora. Canst thou discern nothing, Xuliqua?

Xuliqua, (behind the scenes.) The sun blinds my eyes.

Zamora. Our heavenly Father graciously looks down upon us. The children of the sun shall be victorious.

Cora, (to her child.) Poor babe! a gnat has stung thee. Wicked gnat, (*fans the child with the bough of a tree.*) Oh! my Alonzo! thy wretched wife is lamenting the sting of a gnat, whilst an arrow, perhaps, quivers this very moment in thy heart!

Zamora. Xuliqua! canst thou discern nothing?

Xuliqua, (behind the scenes.) I see a soldier, and at a distance follows another; they hasten hither breathless.

* This distinction between the plurality of gods, invoked by the other Peruvian women, and *Cora's* address to the one and only God, which we find again repeated in this scene, seems obviously intended to point out *Cora's* conversion to the Christian Faith. This conjecture receives additional sanction from *Alonzo's* speech to *Pizarro* in the seventh scene of this Act, in which *Alonzo* expressly boasts, that he has won many from error, and taught them the worship of the true and only God. But has our author then not rendered himself guilty of a very glaring and unpardonable inconsistency, in making *Alonzo* and *Cora* take part in the idolatrous rites performed in the *Temple of the Sun*?

The

The Women. They bring tidings from our husbands' Grant, gracious powers, they may be the messengers of good.

Xuliqua. (entering on the scene) The first soldier will be here instantly. The trees have hid him from my sight.

Cora, (trembling.) How violently does my heart beat against my bosom!

Zamora. He comes! he comes! (*Sadaski enters, panting for breath.*) Speak, art thou the messenger of joy, or of grief?

Sadaski. We are defeated; save yourselves. (*The women utter mournful shrieks. Cora sinks down by the side of her child.*)

Sadaski. Save yourselves! All is lost; the King himself is wounded; perhaps, even already dead.

The women, (together.) O day of woe!

Cora, (with a faint voice.) And what news bringst thou concerning my Alonzo?

Sadaski. I saw him not.

Women. Whither shall we fly for refuge?

Sadaski. Deeper into the recesses of the forest.

Women. Hasten then, sisters, let us instantly prepare for flight.

Cora. Alas! I cannot fly. (*Whilst the women are preparing for flight, a second Peruvian rushes upon the stage.*)

Zuma. Whither in such haste?—There is still hope for us.

Women. Hope, say you? Speak; keep us not in suspense.

Zuma. Rolla has rallied our flying troops. Even now he deals his fury on the enemy, like a lion chafed by the hunter's spear.

Women. Blessed be Rolla! He is the darling of the gods.

Cora. And what news of Alonzo?

Zuma. I saw him not.

Women. Is our King wounded?

Zuma. He was carried off from the field of battle.

Women. Why did they not bring him hither?

Zuma. He could scarcely support himself. I saw the Royal hero's blood trickle from his wound.

Zamora, (falls on her knees.) Let us fall down, sisters, and implore the gods for our Monarch's life.

All,

All, (kneeling.) Ye heavenly powers! protect the first-born of the Sun!

Cora, (raising herself with difficulty on her knees.) Thou only God! spare Alonzo to my prayers!—Fold thy little innocent hands, my child, and pray for thy father, for thy native country.

Zorano, (entering in great haste.) Joy! Joy! my friends; our arms have proved victorious.

The Women, (springing nimbly on their feet.) Welcome, thrice welcome! thou messenger of glad tidings! *(They form a circle round him, and almost smother him with their caresses.)*

Zorano. I pray release me—I can say no more.

Women. Lives the Monarch?

Zorano. He does.

Women. Tell us all the particulars.

Zorano. 'Twas Rolla gained the victory.

Women. Blessings, eternal blessings upon Rolla.

Cora. And where is Alonzo?

Zorano. I saw him not.

Women. Haste! Let us go forth to meet our brothers, our husbands.

Zorano. Stay, they will be with you directly.

Women. Are they coming? Are they coming?

Zorano. They follow even at my heels.

Women. Quick, sisters; let us strip the trees of their foliage, and weave garlands for the gallant brows of our victorious countrymen.

All together. Crowns! Crowns for the conquerors! *(They break off branches from the trees.)*

Cora, (mournfully) No one hath seen him! Oh! my poor child! Hast thou still a father left? *(A distant march is heard.)*

Zamora. Hark! they draw near!—This way, my sisters. See how proudly the heroes march. Lift on high your children in your arms, that they may behold the heroes, and unite their lisping voices with ours to hail the conquerors. Huzza! Huzza! *(The women burst into shouts of triumph.)* Hail! to the children of the Sun! Hail! to the conqueror, Rolla! Eternal blessings on Ataliba, whose life heaven has this day preserved to the prayers of his people!—Ataliba, our father! and our king!

SCENE

SCENE II.—*The KING, ROLLA, Part of the Peruvian Army, CORA, Women, &c. (The Women join the Warriors, amidst loud acclamations and place garlands on the heads of ATALIBA and ROLLA.)*

Ataliba. I return you thanks, my children.

Zamora. Gracious Sovereign! art thou not wounded? We have healing balsam, and efficacious remedies!

Ataliba. I thank you, be under no apprehensions on my account; my wound is but slight, and the victory has already dropped a healing balm upon it.

Cora, (with her child in her arms, passes through the ranks, examines the heroes one by one, in search of Alonzo. Not finding him, she addresses herself in wild despair to Rolla.) Where is my Alonzo?

(Rolla averts his face, and remains silent.)

Cora, (prostrates herself at the feet of the King.) Give me back my husband! Give this child his father!

Ataliba, (dissembling his grief.) Is Alonzo not yet arrived?

Cora. You expect him then?

Ataliba. The gods will hear my prayer.

Cora. Is he not dead?

Ataliba. He lives in my heart.

Cora. O King! thou tormentest me dreadfully! Cease to talk in these ambiguous terms: Let me not be kept in this painful suspense; but crush me rather with a single blow!—Tell me, am I a widow?—Is this child fatherless?

Ataliba. Why, dearest Cora, wilt thou with these gloomy forebodings obscure the little ray of hope we have yet left?

Cora. The little ray of hope?—yet still, however, hope! What means that speech? Speak thou, Rolla,—thou art the friend of truth:—speak it now.

Rolla. Alonzo has not been found.

Cora. Not found! that word I comprehend not: Thou, too, speakest ambiguously; Oh! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance; let the bolt fall at once upon my head, and crush my disordered brain:—Say not, “he is not found; say, “he is dead.”

Rolla. Then should I say false.

Cora. Heaven be praised, if that [be indeed false! But is there no one among you compassionate enough

to snatch me from the torture of suspense; this protracted misery? Stretch forth thy little hands, my child; haply, thy lisping tongue may plead more eloquently than thy mother's grief.

Rolla. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Cora. Prisoner! and by the Spaniards? Pizarro's prisoner? Then is he dead indeed.

Ataliba. Why should his death follow? Instantly will I dispatch a herald to the enemy's camp with offers of a princely ransom.

Cora. A ransom!—Where are my jewels? (*She produces a little casket.*) Where is the herald?

Ataliba. Does Cora envy me the pleasure of redeeming my beloved Alonzo's life?

Several Women. (*They whisper one another, and each produces her casket.*) Here, Cora, are our jewels;—take them freely;—we offer them with a willing heart.

Cora. (*Falling upon their necks.*) Oh! my kind, my generous friends!

Ataliba. (*Raising his eyes towards heaven.*) How sincerely do I thank thee, Almighty Goodness! that thou hast made me ruler of subjects who have a legitimate claim to the title of humanity!

Cora. Be thanks the first accents which this child's lisping tongue shall utter. Take these precious gifts, Ataliba, and dispatch the herald.

Ataliba. It shall be done without delay. (*He delivers the aggregate collection to his attendants.*)

Cora. I will myself accompany him; those who are unmoved by the glittering sight of gold, will yet be melted by the mother's tears.

Ataliba. No, Cora, that cannot be permitted. You would expose yourself and your husband to still greater hazard. Wait the herald's return.

Cora. You must teach me how to support my life till then.

Ataliba. Forget not the mother in the wife. Will you confide your child to the hands of strangers? Will you deliver it up a prey to the cruel Spaniards?—Be mindful also of yourself!—Consider the consequences of exposing your charms to the profane gaze of these cruel Spaniards. You risque your life, your honour, and the safety of your child;—your presence, instead of saving Alonzo, would rivet still stronger the chains which bind him.

him. — Need I be more explicit? — Remain with us, dear Cora — forget not that you are a mother.

Cora. (*Embracing her child.*) I will not forget.

Ataliba. Now let us prepare for sacrifice, to offer to the gods thanks for the deliverance of our country, and prayers for our Alonzo's safety.

Cora. Yet, ere you go, pledge your royal word that Alonzo shall return this evening.

Ataliba. Is that in my power?

Cora. Is it not in thy power? Alonzo then is perhaps already dead? Why so silent, wretched orphan! Cry, cry aloud! demand thy father at this man's hands; for this man did thy father die!

Ataliba. You rend and agonize my bleeding heart. Should Alonzo not return, would Ataliba mourn his loss less than Cora. To me his loss would be irreparable. The wife may find another husband, but where shall the monarch find another friend? [*Exit with his attendants and the major part of the women.*]

SCENE III. — CORA, ROLLA.

Cora. Wretched comforter! Miserable child! what will become of thee?

Rolla. Indulge not, Cora, this extravagant despair. Trust in the immortal gods!

Cora. Alas, they have forsaken me!

Rolla. In the soft sympathy of friendship they have provided a balm for every wound.

Cora. But not for mine.

Rolla. They planted the fair flower of hope in the rugged soil of affliction.

Cora. With me that flower is withered.

Rolla. Your despair blights its tender blossom; your grief renders you ungrateful. The exalted blessing, which the gods have by a miracle conferred upon you, they can by a miracle preserve.

Cora. But should that blessing *not* be preserved! — Should Alonzo — Alas! Alas! I cannot complete that sentence.

Rolla. Can your child be fatherless whilst Rolla lives?

Cora. Can you supply the place of mother also? Or thinkest thou that I could survive Alonzo's death?

Rolla. Yes, for thy child's sake.

Cora. Shall it draw blood from my breast? Shall its mother's tears be its only bath?

Rolla. The soothing hand of time, the friendship of our monarch, and my love.

Cora. Avaunt with thy proffered friendship, with thy love. Mock not the husbandman, whose promised harvest has been blasted by the merciless storm, with a handful of grass.

Rolla. Then listen to *Alonzo's* friend, if thou refuse to listen to *thy own*.

Cora. *Alonzo's* friend! You bid me listen to the world. Who was not *Alonzo's* friend?

Rolla. Listen to his parting words before the fight.

Cora. His parting words! Speak, I conjure thee.

Rolla. He consigned to my hands two precious trusts:—His blessing to his child, and his last request to *Cora*.

Cora. His request to *Cora*!—his *last* request!—Hasten to let me know it.

Rolla. If I fall, said he, (and sad forebodings shook him as he grasped my hand) be *Cora* thy wife.

Cora. Thy wife! *Cora* the wife of *Rolla*?

Rolla. I pledged my promise, and we parted.

Cora. Ha! a horrible light breaks in upon me! *Alonzo*! it may be thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart. Hadst thou remained silent; hadst thou not made a fatal legacy of these wretched charms to an impatient heir!—

Rolla. What hateful suspicion has possessed thy mind?

Cora. 'Tis but too evident! You posted him where his death was inevitable. His noble nature was but too easily the dupe of your crafty wiles;—he flew to execute your orders;—he rushed upon the drawn swords of the enemy;—you looked on at a safe distance, and smiled when you beheld him fall.

Rolla. (*In the greatest astonishment.*) Is that the voice of *Cora*?

Cora. Confess—thou might have saved him! but at that moment the fatal inheritance hovered before thy view!—he fell—you turned aside your eyes.

Rolla. Oh, glorious Sun! why have I survived to hear this foul accusation?

Cora. Provided thou wert not thyself his assassin, you think his wretched widow has no right to complain. The hand

hand you offer her does *not reek with her husband's blood; you were only a looker-on.

Rolla. This is too much.

Cora. And then this *last* request; who can assure me that it ever passed Alonzo's lips? The dead contradict not.

Rolla. Cora, take my sword and kill me.

Cora. Live for love! for the love which blossoms on thy friend's grave. But now listen to my solemn vow, as you listened to Alonzo's last request:—Sooner shall this child draw poison from my breast, than I call Rolla husband! than he call Rolla father!

Rolla. Call me then, what in truth I am,—thy friend—thy protector.

Cora. Away! I know no protector but my God! With this child in my arms will I hasten to the field of battle. I will examine every bleeding corse;—will look in every face, by death disfigured, for the placid smile of my husband;—I will shriek out Alonzo's name till my veins snap.—If one spark of life still animates his frame, Oh! he'll know the voice of his Cora, and once more open his closing eyes to the light of day. But should I not find him, then, my son, we'll to the Spanish camp; they too are men; thy innocent smiles would win me a passage through a thousand swords. Who could have the cruelty to impede a mother that anxiously seeks her husband? Who could be the barbarian to spurn from him the innocent babe, whose lisping tongue utters the name of his lost father? A wretched mother bearing a poor orphan in her arms has Nature's passport through the world. Come along, my child, we will go in quest of thy father. [Exit.]

* Miss PLUMPTRE has totally misconceived the author. Instead of the distinction here drawn between actual murder and its connivance, she makes Cora charge Rolla, in direct terms, with being himself the assassin of Alonzo; with being the *instrument* as well as the *witness* of his death. She writes: "Perhaps you were yourself his murderer; for who could charge you with the guilt? And what would signify to you the poor widow's lamentations? Is not the hand you offer her stained with blood? Oh! were you merely a witness of his death!" This is such an essential perversion of the genuine sense of the text, that we feel it incumbent upon us to point it out.

SCENE

SCENE IV.—ROLLA *alone*.

(*He stands a long time silent, with gloomy looks, rivetted upon the ground. He is more hurt than grieved. Only once do his feelings convert into melancholy sensations, and cause him to exclaim, in a moving tone of voice: "This to me!" He immediately relapses into deep thought, and resumes his former stern look; his eyes roll wildly; he appears on the eve of some mighty project, which he thus partially explains: I will yet compel her to esteem me!"*) [Exit.

SCENE V.—PIZARRO'S Tent.

Pizarro. (*alone, traversing his tent with wild and gloomy looks.*) Fortune! thou unconstant jilt! with boys only dost thou love to play the harlot! The vigorous arm of manhood is too coarse to please thee. 'Tis the strippling's downy chin and smooth unfurrowed cheeks that win thy favour, thy blandishments, and fond caresses. As soon as matured experience ploughs wrinkles in the forehead, thy back is turned on the discarded favourite. Painted, deceitful monster! But let thy wheel roll; let it drive over and crush my mangled frame! only grant me vengeance!—vengeance on Alonzo.—But once more smile upon me, and be that smile the earnest of Alonzo's death!

SCENE VI.—ELVIRA, PIZARRO.

Pizarro. Who dares intrude? (*Seeing Elvira*) Who has presumed to grant you admittance? Where is the guard?

Elvira. The sentinel has done his duty: Who is there, he cried.—I, Elvira, was the reply. You cannot pass? Why not? "Pizarro wishes to be alone: he has given the strictest orders to be denied." At that moment, a soft glance from my eyes darted full in the * weather-beaten

* A female writer may translate this passage with greater literal precision, than the author of the present version dare attempt. There is a kind of *simplicity* in unsophisticated female delicacy, that never was more aptly described than in the words of Paul: "To the pure, all things are pure." Most unfortunately it so happens, that the education of the male

beaten soldier's face: the sovereignty of our sex met ready homage; the halbert was lowered, and Elvira obtained admittance to Pizarro.

Pizarro. Well! and what is it you desire?

Elvira. To see how a hero supports misfortune.

Pizarro. Hast thou not witnessed my demeanour amidst the flight and discomfiture of my troops? Hast thou not seen my arm strike the cowardly fugitives to the ground? Hast thou not seen me in the front of my vanquished host; where, among a thousand prostrate heads, mine alone reared its undaunted crest, and braved even fate itself?

Elvira. True;—I have seen thee in various and trying situations; but, to know a hero thoroughly, it is necessary to behold him in the solitude of his tent. Magnanimity in public, and magnanimity in private, are not synonymous terms. Many are there, who tremble amidst the still gloom of night; and yet can face danger with undaunted front, when exposed to the scrutinizing gaze of thousands.

Pizarro. Well then, thou seest me now in the trying crisis of solitude. Does my countenance betray unmanly sorrow? Hearst thou me whine? Does one idle lamentation escape my lips?

Elvira. Why boast of that! To whine and lament befits only monks and women. But you gnash your teeth, and even that is unworthy of a hero.

Pizarro. Would you wish me to give a ball, forsooth, and solicit your hand to open it; because the enemy's falchions have mowed down the flower of my troops?

Elvira. No! but I would have thee still and calm as the night, when the storm has spent its fury:—still and

male world, naturally leads them into certain walks of practical knowledge; into certain habits, which sanction the celebrated aphorism of Dean Swift: "A delicate man, is a man of nasty ideas." The Author of the LITERARY CENSOR, hopes therefore to meet with some indulgence from the critics, for not rendering this passage with the same degree of literal fidelity, as KOTZEBUE'S *veteran* translator has done, when she writes: „then a gentle glance from me, “glided from his bristly hair *above* to his bristly beard “below.”

calm

calm as the grave on the eve of general resurrection. The morning dawns, and with renovated vigour, irradiated by a new sun, bursts forth the hero.

Pizarro. Are such a woman's sentiments!—Oh! that all my warriors had this very day been women, like Elvira!

Elvira. Then had my hand this day invested thy brows with the imperial diadem of Quito. Yet, bear in mind, Pizarro, we still stand on the brink of our hopes. The crown which tempts our grasp, amidst a stream of blood, even yet appears in sight. Let us then summon our courage afresh, and once more boldly plunge into the stream in pursuit of it.

Pizarro. Alas! Elvira, faint and transient are my gleams of hope; whilst this Alonzo, this scourge of my existence, leads the forces of the foe.

Elvira. Ha! almost had I forgotten to apprise you, that Alonzo is your prisoner.

Pizarro. Alonzo, say you?

Elvira. But this very moment I beheld him dragged in chains through our camp.

Pizarro. Elvira! what welcome tidings dost thou bring!—Alonzo my prisoner!—Then am I conqueror!—then is the victory mine!

Elvira. Of a truth, thou excitest my curiosity to see the man, of whom Pizarro stands so much in awe.

Pizarro. What? Ho?—Who waits without? (*A sentinel enters.*) Bring the Spanish prisoner hither. (*Exit Soldier.*)

Elvira. What are your intentions, respecting him?

Pizarro. He shall die; die in lingering tortures.

Elvira. Shame upon thee! how will thy fame be blasted with posterity! Pizarro, (it will be said) could not conquer, till he had murdered Alonzo.

Pizarro. And what is posthumous renown to me?

Elvira. Is that a sentiment befitting Pizarro's mouth? If not always *justly*, at least act *nobly*.

Pizarro. What then would be thy advice.

Elvira. Restore his sword, and challenge him to single combat.

Pizarro. No, Elvira! Alonzo is a traitor to his country; most probably a traitor also to his God. And shall he be entitled to a hero's death?

Elvira.

Elvira. Follow your own counsel; but remember: Alonzo slain, Elvira is lost to thee for ever.

Pizarro. You interest yourself strongly in the cause of this youthful stranger. What is his fate to you?

Elvira. His fate nothing! *thy* glory every thing! Think'lt thou 'tis Pizarro's person that Elvira loves? Oh, no—'tis Pizarro's fame.

Pizarro. My heart thirsts for vengeance, not for fame. I have sworn to glut my revenge, and Alonzo shall know that Pizarro is a Spaniard.

SCENE VII.—ALONZO *brought in chained.* ELVIRA *eyes him with mingled Sensations of Astonishment and Curiosity*.*

Pizarro. Welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina; 'tis long since we have met.

Alonzo. And even now we meet too soon.

Pizarro. You look plump and jolly.

Alonzo. Yet have I not feasted on rapine and on blood.

Pizarro. You are wedded too, I hear; perhaps, already the father of a lovely babe?

* The dress in which Alonzo makes his appearance on the boards of Drury-lane theatre, is equally distinguished by its elegance and its absurdity, in reference to its appropriation to Alonzo's character. Whether reposed securely in the bosom of his family, or preparing for battle; whether in the Temple of the Sun, or in the heat of action, he is uniformly habited in a dress, which seems better suited for a ball, or some grand festivity than for scenes of blood and carnage. Yet such is the depraved taste of the Public, and such the obsequiousness of Managers, that they would sooner tolerate the violation of propriety in every act, in every scene, than lose a single opportunity of pleasing the eye at the expence of judgment and common sense. Many of our modern plays, indeed, seem to be expressly constructed upon a plan which renders the Author's part a mere vehicle for the introduction of *raree-show* and *sing-song*.

At the same time that we make these remarks upon *Alonzo's* dress, it is but an act of justice to separate the *performer* from the *taylor*; and distinctly to state, that Mr. C. KEMBLE sustained the character in a most respectable style, and it is with pleasure we add, that the *plaudits* bestowed upon him, were awarded to the *actor*, not the *taylor*,

Alonzo. Does it grieve thee to have lost the opportunity of murdering the infant in its mother's womb?

Pizarro. (*His eyes flashing with rage.*) Audacious boy!

Elvira. Thou art rightly answered. Why insult the unfortunate?

Pizarro. Who has appointed thee his advocate?

Elvira. To insult a fallen enemy is unmanly.

Pizarro. Leave me.

Elvira. I will not leave thee.

Pizarro. Shall I have recourse to force?

Elvira. Force? For that, too, (*brandishing a dagger*) am I prepared.

Alonzo. Noble, generous youth*, what is thy name? I have no recollection of you.

Elvira. If I be, indeed, noble and generous, of what importance is my name?

Alonzo. Be mindful of your own safety: defending me, you seek to rob a tyger of the prey which he holds beneath his fangs.

Pizarro. And this tyger is—Justice.

Alonzo. Profane not that sacred name with thy unhallowed lips.

Pizarro. Thou art a traitor to thy native country.

Alonzo. I was not born among robbers and murderers.

Pizarro. An Apostate from God and from our Holy Faith.

Alonzo. The charge is false.

Pizarro. Married to a Pagan.

Alonzo. Good sees and judges the heart.

Pizarro. And awards to every one according to his deserts.

Alonzo. He does!—in the world to come—not always in this.

Pizarro. Thy hours are numbered; justify thy conduct if thou canst.

Alonzo. Where are my judges?

* Here we have again to repeat the observation we have had occasion to make in the first Act, respecting *Elvira's* dress. On the German stage she appears in the habit of a youthful warrior.

Pizarro.

Pizarro. Can'st thou ask that question?

Alonzo. Reign'st thou, then, uncontrouled despot here?

Pizarro. Thou would'st appeal to the war council?

Alonzo. Yes, if the good Las Cafas still retains a seat in that assembly. If not, that trouble may be spared.

Pizarro. How eagerly does rashness seek to shelter itself under the folly of others!

Alonzo. And is Las Cafas deemed a fool! Oh, then, spare me your lessons of wisdom. And thou, Eternal Judge! grant I may die in the folly of Las Cafas!

Pizarro. If that speech was sincere, thou art nearer the gaol of thy wishes than thou may'st imagine.

Alonzo. Think'st thou to appal me with thy menaces?

Pizarro. And, were Las Cafas seated in my place, what plea would'st thou advance?

Alonzo. I would lead him by the hand through the laughing plains of Quito; shew him pastures decked with verdure, and meadows blooming with the flowers of spring; shew him where the plough-share has fertilized regions late waste and barren, and where the waving corn-fields hold out the earnest of a rich harvest to our hopes. This (I would say) is my work! Then would I shew him content smiling on the ruddy cheek of toil; barbarous laws abrogated by the wholesome institutes of Justice and Humanity. "This, too, is my work!" And, prouder yet, would I shew him many an eye and many a hand, by gentleness from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true and only God. "This, too, (I would tell him) is Alonzo's work!" Then would the gentle Las Cafas clasp me in his arms, and a tear of soft compassion for my fate, would, as it fell upon my cheek, call down Heav'n's blessing on my head. Now, Pizarro, can'st thou now comprehend how a man may be enabled to meet his death with smiles?

Pizarro. Alonzo still, I see, remains the same—an enthusiast.

Alonzo. Were I ever capable of renouncing this enthusiasm, then should I, indeed, deserve the title of—Pizarro's friend!

Pizarro. Rave on, audacious stripling! But know, our Council is not composed of old women; our Judges are men, and possess manly firmness.

Alonzo. I well understand the character of your boasted manliness, and am prepared to meet it.

Pizarro. 'Tis well thou art, for thy hours are few. Hence and prepare for thy approaching fate.

Alonzo. That preparation is already made.

Pizarro. Have thy frantic flights so entirely banished the idea of thy wife, thy child from thy remembrance and thy heart?

Alonzo. There lives a just, a merciful, and an avenging God!

Pizarro. I wish you joy of your proud bearing. You will shortly need it. Hence, and to your prayers; the first ray of to-morrow's sun summons you to execution.

Alonzo. Thy vengeance is not tardy; for that accept my thanks. (*Going.*)

Elvira. Stop, Alonzo. Pizarro, I demand that this youth be not put to death.

Pizarro. Are you frantic; are you deranged in your senses?

Elvira. I ask not of thee an act of virtue; I require not magnanimity. I demand only that thou should'st be just to thy own fame. Set thy prisoner at liberty; restore his sword, and dare him to combat.—If thou act otherwise, expect Elvira's scorn.

Pizarro. Shall I set him at liberty, that he may again embrue his hands in the life-blood of his brethren?

Alonzo. I never can acknowledge robbers for my brethren.

Pizarro. Hearest thou Elvira? Away, Alonzo; you know your sentence.

Alonzo. I know it, and despise the Judge. Do thou, generous youth, accept my thanks! thou art not formed for the society of these hard-hearted men. Hasten rather to the Indian savages, as they are stigmatized, amongst them thou wilt find thyself in thy proper sphere.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.—PIZARRO, ELVIRA.

Pizarro. Now, Madam, revile at pleasure, and pour oil on the fierce flames of my revenge. These are the pious lessons of Las Casas!

Elvira. This Alonzo, claims my highest admiration.

Pizarro. Yet a few hours, and thou may'st say, Alonzo *did* claim it.

Elvira. Is then his death irrevocably decreed?

Pizarro. As irrevocably as the setting of the sun, which even now begins to sink below the horizon.

Elvira. And hast thou also determined the manner of his death?

Pizarro. That is what at this very moment occupies my thoughts. I must calculate how much torture can be compressed into the compass of a single hour.

Elvira. I could suggest a species of torture, which perpetuates the pangs of the sufferer, and communicates the most voluptuous sensations of delight to the tormentor.

Pizarro. Name it.

Elvira. Call forth the blush of shame upon thy enemy's cheek by an act of generosity.

Pizarro. I do not comprehend your meaning.

Elvira. Pardon and release Alonzo.

Pizarro. Dost thou again plead for him?

Elvira. Yes, and will a thousand times. Thou should'st bless me for my counsel, for I seek to save thee from the curses of posterity. After-ages shall read the record of thy exploits. Pizarro (it will be said) landed with a handful of men in a newly discovered hemisphere, braved innumerable perils with his little troop, and vanquished the sovereign of a powerful empire.—“Pizarro was a *brave* man!—The conqueror pardoned his haughty enemy, when led before him in chains.—“Pizarro was a *great* man!”

Pizarro, (contemptuously.) Think'st thou the applauses of posterity would cause my mouldering bones to rattle with transport in my tomb?

Elvira. Fame is but a bubble, I grant; and the hero who pants after it a child. Yet 'tis this bauble which links human nature to the gods.

Pizarro.

Pizarro. And, when I glut my just revenge upon my foe, how will posterity adjudge that deed?

Elvira. Pizarro (it will be said) plunged his dagger into the breast of an enemy in chains.—“Pizarro was a common man?”

Pizarro. Hercules strangled the earth-born giant Antæus,* and Apollo caused Marfyas to be flayed alive.

Elvira. Ha! Ha! Ha! That was bravely imagined! Methinks, we have additional reason to flay this self-same Alonzo: he plays with greater skill than we ourselves.†

Pizarro. No more of this, Elvira!

Elvira. You are in the right. Who would attempt to plant cedars in a swamp? But now let us review the

* With all due deference to KOTZEBUE, we think he has in this passage grossly violated the Horatian precept.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

There is something sovereignly ridiculous and inconsistent in making Pizarro, a man of no education, a swine-herd by birth, and not even able to write, as Elvira expressly upbraids him in the second scene of the first act, so well read in the fables of the Greek and Roman Mythology. Mr. SHERIDAN has very properly refused him an opportunity of displaying his learning on the boards of Drury-lane Theatre.

† Mr. LEWIS, in his translation of this passage, has conceived the author's meaning more happily than his female rival, though he has erred a little in the commencement of *Elvira's* speech, by making her gravely approve of Apollo's butchery of Marfyas. He has likewise given the preceding speech of Elvira with greater fidelity and spirit than Miss PLUMTRE, who has deprived Elvira's reply, as well as Pizarro's previous demand of all force and energy, by not preserving the original idea. Kotzebue represents Pizarro asking what posterity would say of him, if he carried his menaces respecting Alonzo into execution? to which Elvira replies in the very words which a reader of *Pizarro's* exploits might be supposed to make use of. We occasionally notice these little errors to show that a few more lessons in the German tongue would not be superfluous. A hundred similar instances of inadvertency and misconception might be adduced, were it necessary, but we hope these gentle hints will produce the desired effect.

subject

subject in a more rational light. Fame, whether posthumous or co-temporary, is an unsubstantial good: a mere vapour: a short-lived flame, which neither afford warmth nor nourishment. But our interest! our immediate advantage! What sayest thou, Pizarro, if by a cheap magnanimity we could gain a point, which else it would cost us dear to accomplish?*

Pizarro. Be more explicit.

Elvira. Alonzo will and must seal the doctrines of Las Casas by some signal deed. Whether by an heroic death, for which we, without any advantage to ourselves, furnish the means; or by an egregious act of folly, which would advance our interest, rests entirely with yourself.

Pizarro. How do you make that appear?

Elvira. We must entangle this enthusiast in his own visionary web. That phantom, which the world terms virtue, is his idol. Visit him then in his confinement, address him thus: "Alonzo, thou hast injured me; but I forgive it. Thou art at liberty." Behold the sure consequence! the youth will throw himself into thy arms, and, in gratitude for his life, betray the crown of Quito into thy hands.

Pizarro. Is that thy real opinion? I much doubt it.

Elvira. If the stratagem be too difficult for you to achieve alone, you shall have my assistance.† Who is more easily led at pleasure to the commission of good or evil, than an enthusiast? I am young, and not without attractions; I possess a ready wit, and know how to conform myself to the humours and caprices of your sex. Thousands obey Pizarro, the hero. The hero, Pizarro, is obsequious to Elvira!

Pizarro. I, obsequious to thee?

* This proposal of *Elvira*, with the subsequent debate upon that subject between that lady and Pizarro, are suppressed in the representation for a *two-fold* reason. First, because *Elvira*, as already observed, is not disguised in man's apparel. And, secondly, because in consequence of the indispensable necessity of curtailing the piece, her interview with Alonzo in the prison scene in the IVth Act, is totally omitted.

† Miss PLUMTRE translates this passage thus: "Is it that you think the means proposed, inadequate to the end in view?—then others may be devised."

Elvira.

Elvira. The moments are precious; waste them not in idle debate. Let me repair directly to Alonzo. Already as a youth, have I made a deep impression on his heart. What then, when I shall appear before him in my true character as *woman*? when my hand fondly presses his? when I meet his looks, and my eye speaks the language of soft persuasion? when hyperbolic virtue flows from my lips? think'st thou, Alonzo can withstand my wishes?

Pizarro. Your vanity is very amusing.

Elvira. Thank me for the kind and friendly hint, ere I repent of having suggested it.

*Pizarro.** Repent, Madam, as soon as you please; for my determination is irrevocably fixed.

Elvira. And Alonzo dies?

Pizarro. He does.

Elvira. Even though that moment should lose thee Elvira for ever?

Pizarro. Even though that should follow.

Elvira. Even though Elvira should throw herself into the arms of a more magnanimous enemy, and, in conjunction with Alonzo, labour to promote the happiness of the Peruvians?

Pizarro. Remember bonds and fetters are at my command.

Elvira. Not against a woman, who needed not the precepts of Las Casas to despise death.

Pizarro. And even *that* may be thy fate.

Elvira. Pizarro! you no longer love me.

Pizarro. If you hope to transform the general into a whining shepherd, you will find yourself mistaken.

Elvira. Ungrateful man! was it not for thy sake that I left my parents and my native land? was it not for thy sake that I braved the fiercest dangers? nor feared to make the raging deep my grave, so I but perished in Pizarro's arms?

+ KOTZEBUE's *veteran* translator has added considerable dignity to this speech. "I leave you, (she writes) to immediate, perhaps perpetual repentance; for my resolution is fixed." This *refinement* on KOTZEBUE, originates entirely from ignorance of the *colloquial* use of the *adverb* *immer*. When will writers have the modesty to believe, that something more than a dictionary is necessary to qualify them even for the *trade* of a translator?

Pizarro.

Pizarro. And have I not repaid thee with an equal sacrifice? What right has Elvira to complain? Does she not share with me my power and my joys?

Elvira. Recollect, that I share also thy dangers. Who, amidst thickest ranks of battle on this dreadful day, fought nearest by thy side? who presented a breast, unaccustomed to the iron mail, for thy buckler?

Pizarro. Enough, Elvira! In love, thou possessest all the tenderness of woman? in valour, all the hardihood of man. For this thou art justly entitled to my whole, my undivided heart, and half my booty.

Elvira. To half thy booty? well then, I claim Alonzo for my prisoner.

Pizarro. Not so! the distribution of that booty I reserve to myself.

Elvira. (*fondly caressing him.*) Not even though I plead in the language of kind intreaty? though I should moisten thy cheek with my tears?

Pizarro. Not even then. (*after a pause.*) Elvira! what inference am I to draw from this obstinate interference? Have the stripling's smooth and ruddy cheeks bewitched thy silly heart?

Elvira. No! Pizarro. As yet you still possess my affection. But approve yourself deserving of my love. Chance may wreathe from your hand the palm of victory over your enemies. Learn to subdue yourself; and your discomfiture will become the most glorious triumph. Then art thou again a hero; and none but a hero can Elvira love.

Pizarro. You plead in vain. Be on thy guard, Elvira, that jealousy strike not her rancorous fangs into my heart. You know the character of the Spanish nation: you know Pizarro.

Elvira. Yes, I know thee well. Thou art jealous of woman's favour, yet still more jealous of thy renown. Thou wilt not tear asunder the only tie that still links Elvira's fate to thine.

Pizarro. Every word you utter, encreases the measure of his guilt.

Elvira. Then sundered is the last and only tie that binds us. Whet thy murderous sword, and sever the captive's neck, whose chains alone render your life secure. With pleasure has Elvira, after every battle, wiped the dust and gore from her hero's forehead; but

not the dust of ignominious flight, not the blood of foul assassination. The arm which can stab a defenceless enemy shall never again clasp the waist of a generous woman. The lips, which pronouncing a sentence of death, can add insult to cruelty, shall never more press mine. Oh! I know well, that revenge is a glorious sensation, but only as long as the enemy, with erected crest, bids us defiance. When he falls, revenge falls with him. Who does not feel as I do, I condemn; who feeling thus, yet acts otherwise, I despise.

Pizarro. (*Eying her with a contemptuous smile*) Thou art a woman! (*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Elvira. A woman! Know'st thou that, and dost not tremble? Know'st that I can hate even as violently as I can love;—yet thou dost not tremble? Come on then, thou man of fearless soul!—thou, whom neither the strife of contending elements, nor the fury of the enemy could appal!—now meet the last and fellest peril of thy life;—meet and survive an injured woman's fury if thou canst! Alonzo shall live, and be the object of Elvira's love—not because youth and beauty impart a fresher glow to his cheeks! No—but because the idol, which I worshipped in Pizarro, proves to be an inanimate image of clay; because the edifice, which, at a distance, appeared a goodly temple of fine marble, proves, on a nearer inspection, to be but a varnished juggler's booth! Yes, Pizarro, I could have pardoned thee, hadst thou, to obtain a crown, been guilty of a breach of faith towards me; but thou hast renounced the path of glory, and Elvira is lost to thee for ever!

(*Exit.*)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A* Tent in the Spanish Camp. Night.*ALONZO (*alone.*)

“ Despise death!” Such were the precepts of the Greek and Roman philosophers, though but Heathens. Shame, then, upon thee who callest thyself a Christian; yet tremblest at dissolution! What those only dared to *hope*, is, to thee, a confirmed *certainty*. Revelation assures thee of a future and better world!—and yet thou tremblest? Is it that the strong muscles of youth struggle with fiercer reluctance against an early death? What is an early death? Shall Alonzo calculate his life by years? Was he not the happy husband of Cora? Cora! Ah! At the mention of that name vibrates the rosy band, which binds me irresistibly to the world! My wife! my child! The one attaches me with her tears of love, the other with the sweet smile of innocence— Yes, Cassius! thou wert not a husband! Se-

* Among other gross instances of incongruity in the *scenery* of this *pantomimic* tragedy, we have to notice the introduction of a magnificent dungeon, built, *secundum artem*, with all its horrific appendages of bolts, bars, staples, massy pillars, subterraneous passages, &c. and all this raised, like Milton’s *Pandemonium*, by magic, for the imprisonment of *Alonzo*, in a country where the Spaniards had not yet established themselves, and where, of consequence, one might suppose they had not much leisure to build such commodious edifices for their prisoners, whilst they themselves were encamped in tents. That *propriety* should be thus sacrificed to *pageantry*, in a drama, which boasts the name of SHERIDAN as its *foster-father*, is a truly painful reflection, and affords a very melancholy proof of the inveterate depravity of the public taste, when even the genius of so great a writer, and so great a man in every sense of the word, cannot furnish a few hour’s rational entertainment to a London audience, without calling in the aid of a *puppet-show*! We are well aware, that the Proprietor of a Theatre, like every other individual, must consult *his own private interest*, or the interest of the firm entrusted to his management; but we are sorry to be under the necessity of making the same excuse for Mr. SHERIDAN, which we do for the host of play-wrights, catgut-scrappers, and ballad-mongers, who earn a disgraceful subsistence by humouring and debauching the public taste.

neca! thou never wert a father! Loud does the voice of Nature cry within me, "Live!" Loud does my heart echo back the sound. Can this instinctive wish disgrace the man, the hero? Almighty Ruler of my fate! I wish to live!

SCENE II.—ALONZO. *A Soldier with a Basket, Wine, &c.*

Soldier. Here, Don Alonzo de Molina; pluck up courage, and drink.

Alonzo. Who sent you hither?

Soldier. I keep guard before your tent.

Alonzo. Is it to your commiseration, that I am indebted for this refreshment?

Soldier. No; your situation, indeed, affects me to the heart; but to succour you is not in my power—I am poor.

Alonzo. Who sent you, then, with these refreshments?

Soldier. One who can bestow sweeter gifts than wine, (*in a whisper*) Donna Elvira.

Alonzo. And who is Donna Elvira?

Soldier. Have you never heard speak of her? She is the favourite of our general.

Alonzo. His favourite?

Soldier. Why yes, his favourite; you surely comprehend me.

Alonzo. And this Elvira, you say,—

Soldier. Sent you this wine.

Alonzo. Am I known to her?

Soldier. I believe not.

Alonzo. Return her my thanks.

Soldier. I will*.

Alonzo. But take your wine back again.

* Would such an *animated* dialogue as this be tolerated in any English writer? Will the warmest admirer of KOTZEBUE presume to say, that it is worthy of a dramatist, whom the *soi-disant* monopolizer of *elegant* translations in St. Paul's Church-yard, has, with such *peculiar modesty*, baptized by the name of the GERMAN SHAKESPEARE?

"Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures!"

Some of his M. D. Authorlings will, no doubt, give him an *elegant* translation of this verse.

Soldier.

Soldier. Won't you drink it?

Alonzo. I have not tasted wine for several years.

Soldier. But a person in your situation stands in need of the courage which the contents of this bottle will inspire.

Alonzo. Trust me, my honest friend, that man is greatly to be pitied who must borrow courage from such a wretched source.

Soldier. But you'll find it serviceable for all that. When once it gets into your head, it will banish sorrow, and blunt the edge of pain.

Alonzo. Press me no further. I have not been wont to regard death as a spectre, the sight of which I would seek to shun by hiding my face in the pillow! Drink the wine yourself, my honest fellow; the night is cold, and it will do you good.

Soldier. With all my heart, if you please to order so. By my troth you are a gallant Knight; what a pity you should turn a Heathen! I could weep at your untimely end were it not a sin. *(Exit.)*

SCENE III.—ALONZO *(alone.)*

Poor fellow! he knows not what he says. Oh, God! thy mercies extend to all thy creatures! Thou hast created the vine for the Spaniards, the Plantana for the Peruvians. Thy waters lave alike the vallies of the Pyrenean Mountains, and those which skirt the Cordilleras. Thou hast fixed the crosses upon the Christian Altar as the symbol of thy divine favour; but thou lookest down with equal complacency on the Sun, which glitters on the breast of the Incas.

SCENE IV*.—ELVIRA, ALONZO.

Elvira. Don Alonzo!

Alonzo. Who calls? Come in.

Elvira. Dost thou recollect me?

* This Scene is *totally* suppressed in the representation. The absolute necessity of *curtailment* might have been admitted as an apology, were the plea not abrogated by the disgraceful *additions* to the Fifth Act. But we shall have reason to expatiate more fully upon this subject in another place.

Alonzo.

Alonzo. Yes, well do I recollect thee. It was thou who didst venture to expostulate with the savage tyrant, when the sentence of my death hung upon Pizarro's lips. Deeply is thy image engraven in my heart.

Elvira. Live, Alonzo; live for the sake of one that loves thee.

Alonzo. Noble, but perilous is it to love the unfortunate! When before I saw you, you concealed your name. Tell me who thou art; thou seem'st an eagle surrounded by ravenous vultures!

Elvira. Can'st thou not form a guess?

Alonzo. What clue have I to guide my conjectures?

Elvira. Where has humanity erected a nobler shrine than in the heart of *woman*? Who dare venture to defy even tyrants so boldly as a *woman*?

Alonzo. You astonish me! Is it a woman* that I now address? Haply, Dona Elvira?

Elvira. Your principal concern, it should seem, is to know my name. Yes, I am Elvira.

Alonzo. What can this visit mean, at such an hour?

Elvira. Those who hasten to relieve the oppressed, take no account of hours.

Alonzo. But with me the *present* hour is the *last*.

Elvira. I tell thee it is not!

Alonzo. Pizarro has sworn my death.

Elvira. And I have sworn to preserve thy life.

Alonzo. Your kind intentions claim my warmest thanks, but I have learnt to die.

Elvira. Why must death and dying be the burthen of every sentence? Art thou one of those rare supernatural beings, who quietly seat themselves on the brink of the grave, to feast their eyes with a sight of the horrible abyss that yawns beneath them?

Alonzo. I bear with fortitude what I cannot avoid.

Elvira. Is it thy wish to die?

Alonzo. I should deceive both you and myself if I answered in the affirmative.

Elvira. Fly, then, without delay.

Alonzo. Fly! you jest.

* We have again to remind the Reader, that *Elvira* is dressed in man's apparel on the German Stage. This accounts for *Alonzo's* astonishment.

Elvira.

Elvira. Were I disposed for jesting, it must be acknowledged I have chosen a most unseasonable time for indulging that propensity.

Alonzo. But these fetters! my guards!

Elvira. To loosen fetters and elude the vigilance of guards is mere pastime to the Omnipotence of Love!

Alonzo. Of love!

Elvira. Give it what denomination you please. I never was at the pains of culling fine words to express my feelings. In chains I saw you brought before Pizarro; I heard you utter sentiments worthy of an ancient Roman. In that moment the fetters dropt from your hands, and entwined themselves around my heart; I felt an impulse to save you. Resolve and deed are with me divided by no cold interval of deliberation. I felt;—and, as I felt, I acted.

Alonzo. You mean, then, to deliver me?

Elvira. I will be your deliverer; you shall be mine. You shall extricate me from this whirlpool, which absorbs, in its sanguinary vortex, every virtuous emotion; every honest struggle for fame. You shall arrest my devious career; snatch me from the course where avarice blights the laurels of glory. Elvira is not a woman of common mould. My love is the offspring of ambition. 'Tis not of that domestic cast which can be satisfied with recounting fairy-tales to my children at the spinning-wheel. No! my lips must overflow with the exploits of my hero:—"Behold, my children, that marble pillar! In honor of your father was it erected! Hear the shouts of acclamation which rend the sky! They resound in praise of your father! Stretch forth your little hands in token of amity to the reconciled enemy! Your father subdued him by valour and magnanimity*!" Oh! happy the woman who can thus describe her lover! Happy the woman who can proudly boast:—"My passion is not the common weak-

* Mr. LEWIS has rendered this passage with uncommon animation:—"Twice have the foe been conquered; first by the valour of your father's arm, then by the generosity of your father's heart." There is an inimitable degree of delicacy in these lines, which the writer of these remarks is as little capable of doing justice to in commending, as he is competent to improve upon them.

ness of our sex!" Alonzo, if with these sentiments I am not unpleasing to you; if, on corresponding principles, you will make me forget my misfortune in being born a woman, pledge me your hand; I will be your preserver.

Alonzo. If rightly, fair lady, I comprehend your meaning; you reckon on a proof of gratitude which it is not in Alonzo's power to bestow.—I am married.

Elvira. Yes, but to a Heathen.

Alonzo. The tie is equally sacred in the sight of Heaven. Cora is my wife; and love sanctifies the bonds of wedlock under every climate.

Elvira. Does thy Cora return thy affection with an equal passion?

Alonzo. Ask you, whether she return it with a passion *only equal*? Donna Elvira must, assuredly, better understand the character of her own sex:—matchless alike in their love and in their hate.

Elvira. And yet this tender wife you would make a widow?

Alonzo. Both her destiny and mine are at the disposal of Heaven.

Elvira. Such is the answer of every man who has not the spirit to act. Have you any children?

Alonzo. I have one son; the pledge of the purest, the tenderest affection.

Elvira. And this son you would make an orphan?

Alonzo. Alas! my Fernando!

Elvira. Befits it the hero to waste the time in fruitless bewailing, which ought to be devoted to manly action? Listen to me:—If you be, indeed, all and every thing to your Cora's heart; if she esteem no price too dear for the ransom of her husband's life; she will cheerfully sacrifice her claims upon you, and resign her preserved Alonzo to the arms of his preserver.

Alonzo. And even to that sacrifice would she consent.

Elvira. What objection then remains?

Alonzo. Never will Alonzo consent to accept of life on such terms. But a few short hours, and death will loosen my chains;—a lingering decay, a protracted death would alone terminate *her* sorrows. *She* would restrain her tears, whilst she beheld me in your arms;—

I should

I should vent my grief *aloud** upon your bosom. Lovers can sacrifice every thing to their passion, except that passion itself;—they can dispense with every thing but love. To my Cora, I am all. She is to me more than my life. It was to possess ourselves of treasures, that we invaded this country. I have found the most inestimable of all treasures—a virtuous wife; and shall I fling this treasure from me, to prolong a wretched existence, which, deprived of her, is of no value?—Ah! Cora, in thy arms I have tasted true felicity;—from thy arms shall nothing but death divorce me. Leave me, I beseech you, lady; if you know no other means to save me. Fare you well; I thank you for your kind intention.

Elvira. I honour these sentiments; and let me cherish the flattering idea, that I might have merited your love, had your heart been free. Almost could I envy your Cora's happiness. But away with that ungenerous sensation!—let me hasten to efface it by a disinterested action. Here me, Alonzo: take this dagger and follow me in silence. I will conduct you to Pizarro's tent, where you shall plunge it in the haughty tyrant's heart. Then, whilst terror expands its raven wings over the whole army, in the moment of general disorder, when the first cry of murder resounds from tent to tent, and the camp presents one scene of uproar and confusion,—we will avail ourselves of the opportunity, and escape to the Peruvians. Then shall your Cora bedew my cheeks with her tears of joy; then will I listen to the soft prattle of thy child, and bury my all ambitious projects in oblivion. This way, Alonzo; follow me.

Alonzo. Shall I murder Pizarro in his sleep?

Elvira. Is he not thy bitterest enemy?

Alonzo. I would spare even the common enemy of mankind, if I found him asleep.

Elvira. I hate this Pizarro, because he has proved false to me; and I despise him, because he can trample on a fallen enemy. Generosity ought only to be extended to the generous: a villain should be dealt with, even as he deals with others. Rid the groaning earth of a monster, which the old world has disgorged, to deso-

* The beautiful antithesis in this image of the *silent* grief of Cora, and the *loud* sorrows of Alonzo is entirely lost in Miss PLUMTRE's elegant translation.

late the new. With grateful acclamations will thy adopted country welcome thy return, and honourable repose in the bosom of thy family will be thy reward. Quick, Alonzo; determine!

Alonzo. I am determined.

Elvira. Then follow me.

Alonzo. Pardon me. You must seek some other instrument to accomplish your revenge. There was a time when this Pizarro loved me; when he shared with me every honourable peril in the field; every luxury at his table. A thousand times have I slept tranquil by his side; and this man you now call upon me to murder in his sleep.

Elvira. Has he not torn asunder every tie which formerly united you?

Alonzo. Every tie, indeed, but that of gratitude.

Elvira. Rash enthusiast! I take my leave. Solitude will arouse thy sleeping reason, and the dread of death bring thee to sober reflection. Meanwhile, let me inform you, that Pizarro has refused a large ransom for your life. There remains no other chance of deliverance for thee, but that which I now propose.

Alonzo. Then I shall know how to die.

Elvira. Already see the first blush of morning reddens in the East; it announces thy approaching death. The moments fly swiftly; but a very few are thine. Remember, Alonzo, opportunity once lost never returns. I leave thee time to reflect. In a quarter of an hour I shall return, and learn thy final determination.* [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—ALONZO (*alone.*)

Spare thyself the fruitless visit. 'Tis in vain to urge me. Death is a bitter medicine, but vice a sweet poison. To Heaven's protecting care I commend my wife. To Heaven and Rolla! May she fly into the mountains, where innocence and peace have fixed their abode! May my wretched child never learn the

* It will scarcely, we believe, be denied by any reader, who has witnessed the representation of PIZARRO, that this scene contains many exquisite touches, which (whatever occasion there may be for reducing the length of the piece,) have a far superior claim to the honour of performance, than the disgraceful mummery, which winds up the Fifth Act.

origin from which he springs : never learn that a Spaniard was his father ! Thou greatful Jehovah ! or Sun ! * By what name I address Thee, matters little. Preserve in health and purity of morals, the dear friends I leave behind me, all else is vanity ! (*looking upwards.*) Already do the faint gleams of morning begin to illumine the grey summits of the mountains. But one short hour is mine. I will court the gentle influence of sleep ; and endeavour to defraud the dread of death of his wonted tribute. Do thou, my pure conscience, wink repose to thy friend. My strength is exhausted. Weariness closes my eye-lids. Come, gentle sleep, and prepare thy votary for an acquaintance with thy younger brother. (*Sleeps.*)

SCENE VI.—ROLLA, *Sentinel.* (*The Sentinel walks to and fro before ALONZO'S Tent. After a Pause, he cries.*)

Who goes there ? Answer ; who's there ?

Rolla. (*behind the scenes.*) A priest.

Soldier. What, reverend father, is your business ?

Rolla. (*disguised as a monk.*) Tell me, friend, where is the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo ?

Soldier. In this tent,

Rolla. Let me see him.

Soldier. Keep back, I dare not admit you.

Rolla. Alonzo is my friend.

Soldier. And were he your brother you cannot see him

Rolla. What is his sentence ?

Soldier. He dies at sun rise.

Rolla. Ha ! then am I just in time.

Soldier. To witness his death.

Rolla. I must converse with him.

Soldier. Keep back.

Rolla. Is he alone ?

Soldier. He is.

Rolla. I entreat you to admit me.

* However just his sentiment may be in itself, at least according to the enlightened philosophy of the present day, it certainly is very inconsistent with the character of a Spaniard in the sixteenth century.

Soldier. 'Tis in vain, my orders are strict.

Rolla. (*producing the diamond sun, presented to him by Ataaliba after the battle.*) Behold these precious gems!

Soldier. What do you mean to do with them?

Rolla. They are yours, if you will but admit me.

Soldier. Would you bribe me? me, an old Castilian?

Rolla. Take them, and perform a benevolent action.

Soldier. Away with them, I know my duty.

Rolla. Soldier, hast thou a wife?

Soldier. I have.

Rolla. And has she brought thee children?

Soldier. She has. Four lads.

Rolla. Where did you leave them?

Soldier. (*in a milder tone.*) At home, in my native country.

Rolla. Are thy wife and children dear to thee?

Soldier. (*greatly moved.*) Dear to me! Good Heavens! Is that a question to a parent?

Rolla. Suppose it should be your fate to perish in this foreign land?

Soldier. Then would some of my comrades carry my last farewell and blessing to my family.

Rolla. And should any one have the cruelty to deny thy comrade access to them?

Soldier. How mean you?

Rolla. Alonzo has, like thee, a wife and child. That mourning wife has sent me hither to receive her husband's farewell and blessing.

Soldier. Go in!

Rolla. Oh, holy Nature! thou never yet wert to* thy-

* Mr. LEWIS has most woefully perverted his author in this passage. "Oh! Holy Nature, (he writes.) thou never hast failed me yet!"

MR. SHERIDAN has displayed inimitable address in the manner in which he has managed this scene. He places a beautiful speech in *Rolla's* mouth, and at the same time obviates the objection which might otherwise be made to the introduction of a long harrangue on such an occasion, by making *Rolla* himself satisfactorily account for it, by observing, that he is apprehensive of awaking *Alonzo*, till the shutting of the outer gate of the dungeon convinces him that the sentinel is out of hearing, and that he runs no risque of detection from the surprise, which this sudden and unexpected interview must naturally excite in *Alonzo*.

self

self untrue. Alonzo, where art thou? Ha! there he lies in peaceful slumber. (*shakes him.*) Alonzo, awake!

Alonzo. (*starting from sleep.*) Comest thou to summon me to my death! (*collects himself.*) Lead on, I am prepared.

Rolla. Arouse thyself, Alonzo!

Alonzo. Whose voice is this I hear?

Rolla. 'Tis Rolla calls!

Alonzo. (*rushing into his arms.*) Rolla! am I awake? Is it not a dream? Can it be? Speak, how didst thou procure admittance?

Rolla. This is no time for words. (*throws off the Monk's habit.*) I borrowed this disguise from the corpse of a priest that fell in battle yesterday.* Put it on, Alonzo, and fly without delay.

Alonzo. And what will become of you?

Rolla. I shall remain here in your stead.

Alonzo. To that will Alonzo never consent.

Rolla. No idle declamation, I conjure you. Disguise yourself and fly.

Alonzo. And leave you to suffer in my stead? No, rather would I die a two-fold death, were that possible.

Rolla. Who says that I shall die? Alonzo, not Rolla, is the object of Pizarro's deadly hate. I shall only suffer a short imprisonment, from which your arm will speedily release me.

Alonzo. Ah! little dost thou know the fell rancour of Pizarro's soul. You snatch from his fangs his devoted prey; the tyrant will rage with redoubled fury, and sacrifice you to his revenge.

Rolla. Not so, a large ransom will procure my liberty!

Alonzo. His lust of blood is even more infuriate than his avarice.

Rolla. And were I even to perish, what would be the loss? I am a solitary being in the world, a blighted

* KOTZEBUE, by one of those pardonable inadvertencies to which all writers, not excepting even Homer himself; "*Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus!*" are more or less subject, seems to have forgotten that a night has intervened between the battle and Rolla's interview with Alonzo. Accordingly he makes Rolla say, that he has borrowed the disguise, in which he appears, of a priest "who fell in battle to-day;" and his *veteran* translator has translated this blunder with *singular fidelity*.

plantain,

plantain, standing alone amidst the desert. Nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Let the trunk be cut down, who will miss it? It will be well, if an honest couple can warm themselves at the fire it feeds. Thou, Alonzo, on the contrary, art a husband and a father. On thy life depend the happiness or misery of an amiable wife, the happiness or misery of a sweet innocent child. Quick then! depart! take this disguise and fly.

Alonzo. Wouldst thou make me the cowardly assassin of my friend? Wouldst thou save my life to embitter it with incessant tortures?

Rolla. Only in Cora's arms shall you remember Rolla. His fate will be but a tear in your cup of happiness. I have lived to no purpose in the world. Envy me then, not the consoling reflection that I shall not die in vain.

Alonzo. Can Rolla thus torture his friend? thus embitter the hour of death!

Rolla. Alas! it is not in my power to sweeten it! I cannot bring you even the melancholy satisfaction of a farewell from your wife. She scarcely retains her senses; she has lost all recollection, and relapses from one swoon into another.

Alonzo. Oh! my wretched Cora!

Rolla. If you do not hasten to her immediately, I shall be under apprehensions for her life.

Alonzo. (*terrified.*) For her life?

Rolla. Yes, for her life; if you die, she dies also; and your wretched child will be an orphan.

Alonzo. Rolla will be a father to Fernando.

Rolla. Hope not that. Think'st thou, Rolla could survive Cora's death?

Alonzo. Just Heaven! grant me strength to support this desperate struggle?

Rolla. And what advantage will you reap from your obstinacy? You refuse to make your escape. Well, be it so, but rest assured neither will I escape; but will remain here. No power on earth shall tear me from you. You shall have the pleasure of seeing Rolla perish by your side. Then will Cora be left totally unprotected.

Alonzo. Rolla! you drive me to distraction.

Rolla.

Rolla. If you persist in your refusal, all will be lost. If, on the contrary, you fly, there is yet a chance of deliverance for me. Pizarro will not put me to death immediately. I will flatter him with the hope of important discoveries; thus I shall gain time; you, meanwhile will hasten to the camp, collect together the flower of our troops; fall upon the enemy the next night like a tempest, and bear off your friend in triumph. Make haste, Alonzo. Already does day begin to dawn. Delay not. Fly to the arms of Cora, save her life; then return and rescue mine.

Alonzo. Rolla, I fear you urge me to a base action.

Rolla. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend? (*he disguises Alonzo in the Monk's habit.*) Wrap yourself up, hold your chains fast, that they may not rattle*, and muffle up your face. So, that will do! Now go, and heaven be your guide. (*with emotion.*) Greet Cora, in my name! and tell her she has wronged me.

Alonzo, (falling on his neck.) Oh! my incomparable friend! I cannot find words to thank you.

Rolla. Do I not feel thy warm tears bedew my cheek? Go,—I am more than repaid.

Alonzo. In a few hours I will return, and either accomplish your deliverance, or perish with you. *Exit.*

SCENE VI.—ROLLA alone.

He is gone! for the first time in my life have I ever practised deceit towards man. Forgive me, thou God of truth!—Alonzo flatters himself with the hopes of seeing me again; yes, haply, in another world—in

* That a prisoner loaded with fetters should be able to elude the vigilance of the sentinels at the different posts, and to make his escape unnoticed through an enemy's camp, is at the best but a very improbable story; and the manner in which this escape is managed at Drury Lane, seems to be a very happy burlesque upon the absurdity of such a fiction. *Alonzo* no sooner receives *Rolla's* caution to be particularly careful not to excite alarm, than he stalks off, ringing his chains like a bell-weather, a town-crier, a dustman, or a muffin-seller. As a number of strange incidents have been introduced in this drama without any specific purpose, why not add one more to the lump, and bring in *Rolla* with a file and a hand-saw?

the world above, where Cora will love me! Interested man that I am! confess thou diest, that when Cora too ascends to our common father, her first question may be: Where is Rolla? But hark! who comes that way?

SCENE VIII.—ROLLA, ELVIRA.

Elvira. Well, Alonzo, have you thought better of my proposals? (*Perceiving Rolla.*) Ha! how is this? Who art thou? Where is Alonzo?

Rolla. Which of your questions shall I answer first?

Elvira. Where is Alonzo?

Rolla. He has escaped.

Elvira. Escaped!

Rolla. Even so—

Elvira. Ha! then he must be pursued. (*Attempts to go.*)

Rolla, (prevents her.) Hold! you stir not.

Elvira. Insolent man! I will call the guard.

Rolla. Act as you please, so that Alonzo does but gain time.

Elvira, (again attempting to go.) Dare not to touch me.

Rolla. By Heavens! you stir not. (*He seizes her in his arms.*)

Elvira, (drawing a dagger.) Release me, or I strike.

Rolla. Strike then; but even falling, even in the agonies of death, shall my clenched hand hold thee.

Elvira. Indeed! think'st thou so nobly? It were worth the while to become better acquainted with you. Release your hold; I promise you to remain.

Rolla, (releasing her.) Now is my purpose answered. By this time he is in safety.

Elvira. And was it by your assistance that Alonzo fled?

Rolla. It was.

Elvira. And you dare to acknowledge it.

Rolla. Why should I not dare?

Elvira. Are you prepared to suffer death in his stead?

Rolla. I am.

Elvira. You are a very uncommon friend!

Rolla.

- Rolla.* Yet was not friendship my motive.
Elvira. What then?
Rolla. To thee that is of little moment.
Elvira. I perceive you are sparing of your words.
Rolla. My province is rather to act, as you may already have perceived.
Elvira. Who, and what art thou?
Rolla. My name is Rolla.
Elvira. The Peruvian General?
Rolla. I was so yesterday.
Elvira. Is it possible! Rolla in our power!
Rolla. Even so.
Elvira. Perhaps you have been treated with neglect? Is it revenge that brings you to us?
Rolla. How am I to understand you?
Elvira. Haply thy Sovereign has not rewarded thee to the full extent of thy deserts?
Rolla. Far beyond them.
Elvira. And yet thou art here?—Not prompted by revenge?—Not by friendship?—And yet here?
Rolla. And yet here.
Elvira. Then do I know but *one* passion, which could impel thee to this desperate step.
Rolla. Name it.
Elvira. Love.
Rolla. Thou hast conjectured right.
Elvira. You acknowledge then that you love? Who is the object of your passion?
Rolla. To you that can be of no importance.
Elvira. And by this step you hope—
Rolla. I hope nothing.
Elvira. Now do I fully comprehend you. The object of your love is dead; despair and weariness of life have brought you hither.
Rolla. Assign whatever motive you please.
Elvira. I pity you.
Rolla. I thank you.
Elvira. Is the loss you have sustained irreparable?
Rolla. Irreparable.
Elvira. And can you at these early years be willing to renounce the world, and the enjoyment of your fame.
Rolla. Fame is the exclusive gift of posterity.

Elvira. But, supposing you had an opportunity of rendering essential service to your country?

Rolla. That I shall do, unless put to death by your countrymen.

Elvira. In what manner?

Rolla. By fighting against you.

Elvira. You dare to say that to my face?

Rolla. 'Tis pity you are not Pizarro.

Elvira. Why so?

Rolla. Then had I said it to Pizarro's face.

Elvira. You are a man after my own heart.

Rolla. Then resemble me, if thou can'st.

Elvira. I resemble thee? I, a weak woman?

Rolla. You a woman?

Elvira. You seem astonished.

Rolla. No.

Elvira. Right! a hero ought to be astonished at nothing.

Rolla. And least of all at a woman.

Elvira. Not even if she were to show herself capable of a great and daring action?

Rolla. Not even then.

Elvira. You honour the sex?

Rolla. You are better and worse than ours.

Elvira. Should I restore to Peru her General, and with her General peace, in that case Rolla, no doubt, would rank me among the better class of females?

Rolla. Perhaps I might.

Elvira. Only perhaps?

Rolla. 'Tis not sufficient to know the action; the motive likewise must be investigated.

Elvira. Proud man! tell me how I may deserve your friendship?

Rolla. By reciprocal friendship.

Elvira. Well, then, I will make the experiment. The morning scarcely begins to dawn; the opportunity still remains. Take this dagger, and follow me.

Rolla. Whither? And for what purpose?

Elvira. I will conduct you to fell Pizarro's tent. You shall plunge this dagger in his heart; we will then make our escape; your country will be saved, and yourself at liberty.

Rolla. How has Pizarro offended you?

Elvira.

Elvira. His glory and my love were co-existent : they both expired together.

Rolla. You once loved him?

Elvira. I persuaded myself so, when I heard him spoken of with praise and admiration.

Rolla. And you now wish me to murder him in his sleep?

Elvira. Was it not his intention to murder Alonzo in chains? We but pay Pizarro in his own coin. He that sleeps, and he that's bound, are equally defenceless.

Rolla. Give me the dagger.

Elvira. Take it.

Rolla. Lead the way.

Elvira. But, first, you must dispatch the soldier who keeps guard before the tent.

Rolla. Is there an absolute necessity for that?

Elvira. Most certainly; or else he will give the alarm.

Rolla. Then take back your dagger.

Elvira. Why so?

Rolla. That soldier, mark me, is a man.

Elvira. Of course.

Rolla. All are not men that wear the human form.

Elvira. How mean you?

Rolla. This sentinel refused my proffer'd gifts. His own feelings bribed him, not his avarice. For a nation's safety, I would not harm that man.

Elvira. Well, then, we'll endeavour to deceive him. Put up your dagger. What! ho! there, sentinel.

SCENE IX.—*Enter SOLDIER.*

Soldier. What is your pleasure?

Elvira. Where's your prisoner?

Soldier. Where should he be but here? (*He discovers Rolla.*) How is this? (*Surveys the place.*) Good Heaven! Alonzo has escaped.

Elvira. You are a lost man.

Soldier. (*To Rolla.*) You have imposed upon me. My life must pay the forfeit. Alas! my poor wife;—alas! my poor children!

Rolla. Make yourself easy. Pizarro is no loser by the exchange. I pledge my word for your safety.

Elvira. The same do I. But we must instantly acquaint the General with the accident I am conducting this man to him; accompany us.

Soldier. He will order me to be put to death upon the spot.

Elvira. I will guarantee your pardon.

Rolla. And I promise the same.

Soldier. Dear lady, take pity on me for the sake of my poor children.

Elvira. Only come along: not a hair of your head shall be hurt, I promise you.—Well, Rolla, are you resolute?

Rolla. I follow you.

Elvira. May the tyrant's angel of death go before us.

SCENE X.—PIZZARO'S Tent.

Pizarro alone; his slumbers are short and disturbed; he tosses about on his couch, and utters the following detached sentences in his sleep.

Blood! Blood!—No mercy!—Revenge!—Revenge! Cut him down.—Right!—There lies his headless trunk! Ha! ha! ha! the flaxen ringlets are dyed with gore!

SCENE XI.—*Elvira and Rolla enter cautiously.*

Elvira. There lies the tyrant:—Quick, dispatch.

Rolla. Leave me, I would be alone with him.

Elvira. Why so?

Rolla. I cannot murder in the presence of a woman.

Elvira. But—

Rolla. Leave me, or I will awake him.

Elvira. Call me, when the deed is done.

Rolla. Wait without.

Elvira. Dispatch thy purpose, ere he wake. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XII.—ROLLA, PIZARO sleeping.

Rolla, (advancing towards Pizarro's couch, with folded arms, and contemplating him awhile in silence.) This then is the cruel disturber of our peace;—this the robber, whom the offended Gods have sent as a scourge upon us? And lo, he sleeps. Is it possible this man can sleep!

Pizarro.

Pizarro, (in his sleep,) Leave! leave me! hideous phantoms! Oh! oh! oh!—

Rolla. I was mistaken,—he can *not* sleep. Contemplate this scene, ye mighty villains of power!—Such are the slumbers of guilt.

Pizarro, (starting up with terror.)* Who's there, within!—my guards!

Rolla, (drawing his dagger.) Not another word, or this shall command thy silence.

Pizarro. Treason!

Rolla. As you value your life, speak softly.

Pizarro. Who art thou?

Rolla. A Peruvian, as thou see'st, and my name is *Rolla*. Thy life is in my power. 'Twill be in vain to call for help: my arm will anticipate your guards.

Pizarro. What would'st thou here?

Rolla. Not thy death; else had I dispatched thee in thy sleep. I forbore to take thy life; let that quiet thy apprehensions.

Pizarro. Speak then, what is thy purpose?

* Mr. SHERIDAN has greatly improved upon this scene, and heightened the magnanimity of *Rolla's* character, by making him spurn at the idea of assassination. On the boards of *Drury-lane*, *Rolla* himself rouses *Pizarro*, and awakes him to a sense of his danger. The German dramatist, on the other hand, leaves it a matter of doubt, whether *accident* or *generosity*, on the part of *Rolla*, prevented that chief from murdering *Pizarro* in his sleep.

It is impossible to conceive more noble and dignified sentiments, than Mr. SHERIDAN has on this occasion put into the mouth of *Rolla*. After that chief rouses *Pizarro* from his sleep, and the latter is fully sensible that his life is in his enemies power, *Rolla* expostulates with him on his unprovoked cruelties towards the Peruvians, and concludes his remonstrance with throwing his dagger at *Pizarro's* feet. "Now shalt thou feel, (he says) and if thou hast a heart, thou'lt feel it deeply, a Peruvian's vengeance." *Pizarro*, with the natural emotions of astonishment, which such generous conduct on the part of an enemy cannot fail to produce even in the most hardened breast, exclaims: "can a Peruvian act thus?" To which *Rolla* makes this memorable reply: "I thought forgiveness of injuries had been the Christian's precept:—thou see'st at least 'tis the Peruvian's practice!"

SCENE

SCENE XIII.—*Re-enter ELVIRA.*

Elvira, (harshly.) Is the deed done?—Ha! what do I behold! (*To Rolla.*) Miscreant! traitor!

Rolla. Rolla is no assassin.

Pizarro. And who then is one? (*Fixes his eye on Elvira.*) Can'st thou be one;—thou base and treacherous woman!

Elvira. Were I indeed the character you represent, I should never have formed a design upon your life. 'Twas not vengeance, 'twas not jealousy that prompted the blow. 'Twas the cause of outraged humanity which unsheathed my dagger. 'Twas against the ravisher of crowns, against the oppressor of an innocent people, I pointed it. 'Twas to restore to Peru that peace which thou hast invaded, that I resolved upon thy death.

Rolla. Had the deed been as noble as the *motive*, how should I have admired thee.

Elvira. The deed is noble, nobler than any I ever yet performed*. Why did not my own hands execute it? Why did I entrust it to thee? Thy humanity, Rolla, is here unseasonable: the murder I meditated had been an act of greater mercy than your ill-timed clemency.

Pizarro. Peace, frantic woman! the mercy thou did'st design to show to me shall now be thine! What! ho! guards! (*Enter Soldiers.*) Seize that woman, she has attempted to murder your General. Cast her into the deepest dungeon,—invent new tortures for her.

* It is curious to observe what difficulties some people find in the most simple and trivial cases, and how widely at times they miss the mark, when it should seem no small ingenuity was requisite even to err. Mr. LEWIS and Miss PLUMTRE, in their translations of this passage, have apparently been at no small pains to pervert the palpable sense of the author. Mr. Lewis writes: "It was noble, but the woman's weakness marred it." Miss PLUMTRE, with her accustomed *elegance*, substitutes a fine speech of her own for the plain language of KOTZEBUE. "The deed was noble, as the only means of attaining the noblest object to which my heart ever aspired," *Veteran* translators may allow themselves liberties, which would ill become a novice in the trade,

Elvira.

Elvira. Thou remainest Pizarro still, and I, Elvira: Death to me is now a welcome guest, since my project has miscarried. Yet first, Pizarro, shalt thou hear me. Yes, I confess I had mercifully resolved to dispatch thee without torments, but thy fate has otherwise decreed. Thou art destined to die a lingering death, tortured hourly, tortured by unavailing remorse and the pangs of a guilty conscience. Proceed unchecked in thy sanguinary career: add my murder to the catalogue, thou murderer of nations! Can'st thou still recollect the false vows with which thy smooth deceitful tongue beguiled me of my innocence and happiness? Vibrate not still in thy ears the dying accents of my aged mother, imprecating curses on the seducer of her child? Vibrate not still in thy ears the last convulsive groans of my slaughtered brother, who perished by thy murdering sword in attempting to revenge his sister's wrongs? Come on, infuriate bloodhound! Follow me sooner or later into the dark abyss. Ready is the music for thy welcome;—a mother's dying curse!—a brother's last convulsive groans!—and the shrieks of slaughtered thousands, imprecating vengeance on their murderer!—

Pizarro, (to his guard, striving to suppress his agitation.)
Will none of you execute my commands?

Elvira. Rolla, thou hast deceived me; but thou hast my pardon. Let me not carry thy contempt with me into the grave. I once was virtuous, once was innocent, and a stranger to guile. Ah! didst thou, Rolla, but know the vile arts by which this hypocrite seduced my honour; the sophistry which he employed to undermine my principles, till by gradual descent he led me into the very abyss of guilt.—Oh, Rolla, did'st thou know all this, thou would'st assuredly pity me.

Rolla. From my soul I do pity thee.

Elvira. Ah! that is a cooling drop to assuage the fierce flames of an accusing conscience! Rolla, farewell! And thou, living associate of the damned, sin on, till the measure of thy guilt is full! Sin on; we shall meet again! Yes, we *shall* meet again! The torture, which thou hast in store for me, I despise. The noble motive, which inspired me exalts me above thy malice.

Greatly

Greatly to *live* has been denied me by fate,—greatly to *die* it shall not hinder me.* [Exit, with the guards.

SCENE XIV.—PIZARRO, ROLLA.

Rolla. Worlds should not tempt me to be Pizarro.

Pizarro. But now explain the double wonder. Rolla in Pizarro's tent! Rolla his preserver!

Rolla. I came to rescue my friend Alonzo.

Pizarro. Then art thou come in vain: great are my obligations to you: demand what thou wilt in return, the life of that man excepted.

Rolla. I have no need to ask his life. Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

Pizarro. How sayest thou?

Rolla. Alonzo has escaped.

Pizarro. Escaped? Hell and furies! how, is that possible?

Rolla. Why should it appear impossible. Your nation accounts us barbarians; but now learn, that Peruvians know the force of friendship.

Pizarro. What! hast thou dared—

Rolla. I have†. Disguised as a priest, I passed through your camp, reached Alonzo's tent; gave him the habit: he escaped, I remained.

Pizarro. You have wrested from me my dearest prey.

Rolla. He is a General—my rank is equal to his: put me to death in his stead.

Pizarro. Peruvian, you extort my admiration!

* Here KOTZBUE takes leave of *Elvira*, without entering into any further detail of her fate:—but Mr. SHERIDAN, probably, because the play was not of a *sufficient length*, introduces her again upon the stage, towards the close of the *enlarged Fifth Act*, as we shall shortly have occasion to notice.

† Miss PLUMTRE has communicated a large portion of *adventitious elegance* to this speech; which in the original chiefly recommends itself by its beautiful, yet energetic, conciseness. “I come to your camp, (she writes,) disguised as a monk. *Beneath that semblance of sanctity!* (how exquisitely florid!) I reached Alonzo's tent without interruption. I made him assume my borrowed form, under shelter of which he fled, while I remained in his place.” This affords no mean specimen of her skill in the art of *amplification*.

Rolla.

Rolla. I have reason to blush that even a woman shares this admiration with me. Was it not with the same design that Elvira visited the captive Alonzo?

Pizarro. Did Elvira visit him?-- Ah! the traitress!-- When I view the matter in its true light, I have cause to thank thee for facilitating Alonzo's flight. Had she met with *him* instead of *you*---had she chosen *him* for the instrument of her revenge---my murder would have been ere now accomplished.

Rolla. Judge more liberally of my friend. Alonzo, in my place, would have acted the very part that I have.

Pizarro. Thou may'st think so; but I doubt it, and esteem myself greatly indebted to thee. Tell me how I can recompense this service?

Rolla. Can Pizarro ask that question?

Pizarro. Thou art at liberty.

Rolla. That of course.

Pizarro. Acknowledge that thy enemy is not inferior to thee in generosity.

Rolla. Thou do'st thy duty.

Pizarro. Farewell!--And should we meet in arms--

Rolla. We will fight as befits heroes.

Pizarro. My sword shall always shun thee in battle.

Rolla. Not so, I hope; for now that I know thee personally, thou wilt be the first object in search of whom my eyes will explore the field. Till then, farewell! May heaven amend thy heart! (*goes off, but returns again*) Yet one request: the soldier who kept guard before Alonzo's tent has done his duty; he is innocent of his prisoner's flight. Pardon him.

Pizarro. 'Tis no light request.

Rolla. If my request appear unreasonable, I will remain here, and suffer the punishment which you design for him.

Pizarro. What! would you risk your life for a private soldier?

Rolla. That soldier is a man; and I am the author of his misfortunes.

Pizarro. Depart in peace: I promise to pardon him.

Rolla. Pledge me your hand.

Pizarro (*tendering his hand*). Henceforth let us be friends.

Rolla. Live peaceably among us; serve thy God as we serve our's: approve thyself the friend of virtue, and thou art the friend of Rolla.

Pizarro. Agreed! if you consent to give up the goal of all my hopes---of all my exploits---the throne of Quito.

Rolla. We have talked enough---Farewell, Spaniard!

[*Exit.*]

Pizarro (after a short pause). And I have suffered him to depart, unmolested? How dangerous is it to listen to an enthusiast! one is insensibly lulled into inaction.--- But I have pledged my solemn promise.---My promise!--- Shall I ask my confessor whether engagements with a Heathen are binding?---But this Heathen is a hero; and heroes have but one common creed throughout the world.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XIV*.---*An open Place, not far from the Peruvian Camp.*

ATALIBA, seated at the foot of a tree.

How still and dreary is the scene around me! Are not the sensations which succeed a victory similar to what a patient experiences on recovering from a fever? The recollection of past danger excites emotions of joy: but scarcely is there strength sufficient left to express that joy. Tears suffuse the smile of conquest---and the song of triumph subsides into the soft cadence of sighs!---Alas! victory is a dear purchase! History records only the number of those that fall; not of those who are rendered miserable. The winged arrow apparently pierces but *one* heart; but it too often destroys the happiness of hundreds.---Ah! I would barter all my victories for a single happy harvest-home.

SCENE XVI.

Enter a Courtier.

Courtier. The herald is returned, but without success.

Ataliba. Is Alonzo dead?

Courtier. No; he still lives; but the Spaniards refuse to accept a ransom for his enlargement. "Your treasures, (they arrogantly say) belong to us. In a few days we shall be your masters. Our right lies in our swords."

* This and the two following scenes are totally omitted in the representation. We regret the suppression of *Ataliba's* soliloquy, as it contains, without exception, some of the finest sentiments in the whole drama.

Ataliba.

Ataliba. Ha! not yet humbled? Does this hissing serpent, which has entwined its folds around my crown, gather fresh strength from every blow?—Where is Alonzo's wife?

Courtier. She has fled, with her child, no one knows whither.—The army is in the greatest consternation; for Rolla has likewise disappeared.

Ataliba. Rolla disappeared?—Impossible!—Rolla forsake me, in the hour of accumulated danger and calamity? Heavenly powers! is there not one that will relieve a monarch?—Gladly would I exchange lots with the lowest of my subjects.

SCENE XVII.—*Enter ALONZO, disguised as a Monk.*

Alonzo. Gracious sovereign! Do I once more behold thee?

Ataliba. Can this be Alonzo?

Alonzo. Where is my wife?

Ataliba. Welcome return!

Alonzo. Where is my wife?

Ataliba. How didst thou escape?

Alonzo. I owe my preservation to a miracle.

Ataliba. Speak.

Alonzo. Who but Rolla could make such an exalted sacrifice to friendship? Who but Rolla could, in this disguise, have gained access to my prison?—'Twas Rolla loosened my chains—to wear them himself!

Ataliba. How! Rolla in the enemy's power?—Ah! thou hast wounded my bleeding heart afresh!

Alonzo (throwing off his disguise). Give me a sword, and five hundred resolute men—I fly to his deliverance.

Ataliba. Shall I risk, in your person, the last support of my throne?

Alonzo. The Enemy is dispirited; their camp ill fortified on the right hand; Pizarro has rendered himself odious by his cruelties, and the troops murmur. Let not the foe have time to retrieve their affairs. One victory more, and we shall drive them into the ocean, where the waves will swallow up our scourge, and their rapacity.

Ataliba. I will myself reconnoitre their camp, and examine where an attack may be most advantageously made.

Alonzo. Expose not your person rashly to danger.—Remember, you are our king.

Ataliba. Where danger menaces his children; that is always the father's post.

Alonzo. Let me but first take a farewell of my wife.

Ataliba (embarrassed). Thy wife?

Alonzo. Cora, I fear, has been in great affliction on my account.

Ataliba. Indeed she has severely suffered.

Alonzo. But one moment, gracious sovereign, and Alonzo shall return to join his king.

Ataliba. Where wilt thou seek thy wife?

Alonzo (terrified). Is she not here?

Ataliba. Her anxiety drove her hence.

Alonzo. Whither?

Ataliba. That is not known. Perhaps she has fled for refuge to the mountains, to her father.

Alonzo. Good heavens! my blood chills in my veins!

Courtier. She was seen traversing the field of battle, and invoking your name, till night began to fall.

Alonzo. And what became of her then?

Courtier. She ran into the wood.

Alonzo. Into the wood, which swarms with the enemy! Oh Cora! Cora! (*attempts to go.*)

Ataliba. Alonzo, whither art thou going?

Alonzo. Whithersoever despair and grief may drive me.—Gracious Inca! thou art in safety; the vanquished foe will not venture an attack. Oh! thou guardian of every right! respect the right of nature!—My wife, my child, my all are lost. Awhile relieve Alonzo from the general's duty, that the wretched husband may seek his lost wife.

Ataliba. I sympathise in your affliction. Go, but let not Rolla be forgotten.

Alonzo. Cora! Rolla! Direct, some pitying angel, my uncertain steps! (*Exit.*)

Ataliba (to courtier). A moment lend me your sword (*the courtier obeys, Ataliba attempts to brandish it, but soon finds his arm drop*) 'Tis past my strength!—Wretched monarch!—What avails the prudent head? what the courageous heart? when the refractory limbs refuse their office? (*Exeunt.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A forest in the back ground, a hut almost concealed with trees. Thunder and lightening.*

CORA enters with her child in her arms; she pants for breath, and her hair flies dishevelled in the wind.

*Cora**. I can no further! The force of nature is not equal

* Mr. SHERIDAN has incorporated the leading sentiments of this soliloquy in a song, which, considered as a piece of composition, possesses many beauties; but we cannot altogether approve of its introduction in this place. A mother in CORA's situation, distracted with grief at the loss and supposed death of her husband;—wandering from place to place in search of him, and at length compelled by fatigue to pass the night with her infant child in a lonely forest, exposed to the danger of wild beasts, to hostile attack (for it appears from the very next scene that straggling parties of the Spaniards infested the wood) to merciless elements, and the fury of the pelting storm, would scarcely choose such a season for venting her griefs in a ballad to the rude accompaniment of pealing thunder, and the lightning's forked glare. We are the more dissatisfied with this self-same song, in its present place, and with reference to the circumstances with which it is connected, as there is reason to believe, that the essential interests of the drama have been sacrificed to this ditty, and that the part of *Cora* would otherwise have been allotted to Mrs. SIDDONS, who is avowedly infinitely superior in characters of this cast to any actress on the stage. Such, however, is the force of popular prejudice;—such the attractions of a ballad, that a refined audience can experience pleasure, night after night, in witnessing the most pathetic scenes murdered by vanity and talents (great in themselves when properly directed) evidently employed in a wrong sphere. The following is a copy of Mrs. JORDAN's air, the words of which, as we before observed, have some merit:

Yes! yes! be merciless, thou tempest dire!
Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave;
I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,
Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave!

O'er his pale corse then, while thy lightnings glare,
I'll press his clay-cold limbs and perish there.

But

equal to that of love ! My heart still urges me forward, but my knees sink under me ! Art thou asleep, sweet innocent ? Alas ! thy father sleeps ! *Thou wilt awake, my child ! my Alonzo never ! Ah ! why am I a mother ? Why must this child chain me down to life ? So great is my misery that I dare not even die ! Where am I ? Whither would despair drive me ? The forked lightnings glare through the forest's gloom, but I can discern no path. Loud rolls the thunder among the mountains, and drowns my feeble voice.---I can no further---my feet are no longer able to support me.---(She sinks at the foot of a tree.)* Sweet innocent ! thou smilest amidst the storm !---Flash, ye lightnings !---roar on, thou deep-mouthed thunder ! Innocence regards you not. See where it slumbers in the mother's arms.---Here will I prepare for my sweet babe a bed of moss and leaves.---I will screen it from the storm with my veil, and lay me down by its side to die. *(She makes a couch for the child, and wraps it in her veil.)* There lie and gently sleep. Oh ! that thou mightest not awake to crave in vain nourishment at the lifeless breast of thy wretched mother !---How strangely do I feel !---my senses are bewildered---every nerve unstrung---Is this death ? *(She supports her head against the tree.)*

Alonzo's voice (at a great distance). Cora !

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never !---
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever.

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child,
Oh ! safer lies from these chill'd arms apart ;
He sleeps, sweet lamb ! nor heeds the tempest wild,
Oh ! sweeter sleeps, than near this breaking heart.

Alas ! my babe, if thou wouldst peaceful rest,
Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.

Yet, thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never !---
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever.

Cora

Cora (starting). What sound is that ?

Alonzo's voice. Cora !

Cora. 'Tis the peals of thunder echoing among the mountains.

Alonzo's voice. Cora !

Cora. Hark ! 'Tis the spirit of the hills.

Alonzo's voice (nearer). Cora !

Cora (collecting herself). Oh ! deceive me not, my fond heart ! 'Tis the voice of my Alonzo.

Alonzo (still calling from the recesses of the forest).
Cora !

Cora (advancing a few steps from the spot where she has placed her child) Alonzo ! where art thou ?

Alonzo. Cora !

Cora (following the voice a few steps further). It is indeed his voice !---Alonzo !

Alonzo. Cora !

Cora (still advancing towards the sound) Alonzo !—
Ha ! my fainting powers revive !

Alonzo (rather nearer). Cora ! where art thou ?

Cora. Here ! here ! *(she disappears among the trees. Cora's and Alonzo's voices still continue to be alternately heard at a distance. They draw nearer to each other, and an exclamation of rapture, which is faintly heard on the stage, gives the audience to understand that they have met.)*

SCENE II. *Enter two soldiers, much intoxicated.*

First Soldier. Comrade, which way are you going ?

Second Soldier. Which ever way you please, comrade ?

First Soldier. Do you know that we have lost our way ?

Second Soldier. Trust to me for that, as long as we keep the fun on our left.

First Soldier. The fun, indeed ! can you see any thing like a fun ?

Second Soldier. Ha ! you blockhead, how should we see the fun, when that black thunder cloud stands before it ?

First Soldier. Well then---if we keep the lightning to our left---

Second Soldier. Right ! we cannot be far from the camp. I heard the advanced posts call---Cora !

First Soldier. The watch-word, no doubt.

Second Soldier. Aye ! aye ! Come along, comrade.
(They both stagger along, till they fall in the way of the child.)

First

First Soldier. Hey day ! comrade, what have we here ?

Second Soldier (takes up the veil). By my troth, 'tis a child.

First Soldier. How came the child here ?

Second Soldier. How, indeed ? Let us consider the question.

First Soldier. What should we stand considering for ? What's the brat to us ? Let it even lie ; 'tis a Heathen's child, no doubt.

Second Soldier. How sweetly it sleeps ! I have the very fellow to it at home.---What say you, comrade ? I'll take it with me---

First Soldier. Up with it, then : but mind you, don't teize me, if you find it too heavy for you.

Second Soldier (taking the child in his arms). The little rogue is as light as a feather.

First Soldier. Day begins to peep behind the trees.

Second Soldier. Do you march first, and clear the passage.

Cora's voice (from the opposite side). This way, Alonzo---I left him here.

Second Soldier (behind the scenes). Pr'ythee, be a little more careful, comrade. Hold the branches, and don't let them fly back so plaguedly in my face.

Cora's voice (nearer). My heart will not guide me wrong : we shall be at the spot directly.

First Soldier (at a greater distance). I see the tents glitter in the valley, to our left.

SCENE III.---CORA, ALONZO.

Cora. This is the place ; and this is the tree. (*She runs to the tree, seizes the veil, utters a loud shriek, and sinks motionless to the ground.*)

Alonzo (throwing himself by her side). Cora ! what ails thee ?

Cora (raising herself). He is gone !

Alonzo. Eternal Powers !

Cora. He is gone !

Alonzo. Let us go in search of him.

Cora. My child ! my child !

Alonzo. Where did you leave him ?

Cora.

Cora (throws herself on the spot). Here.

Alonzo. No doubt the little urchin has awoke, and crawled a few paces off.

Cora (examining the bushes). Alas! he is no where to be seen!

Alonzo. Be not alarmed; he will soon be found.

Cora. Fernando! Fernando!

Alonzo. He cannot be far off.

Cora (renews her search, but in vain). Alas! he is gone!

Alonzo. Are you certain that this is the right spot?

Cora. Did we not find the veil lying here? (*in despair*) Oh! he has been torn in pieces by some wild beast!

Alonzo. Do not think the worst.

Cora. I have no time for *thinking*. *I see* my bleeding, mangled babe!

Alonzo. For God's sake, forbear.

Cora. There is no God.

Alonzo. Cora! utter not such impious words.

Cora. What have I done, that he should heap such calamity upon me?

Alonzo. Cora! dearest Cora! come to my arms.

Cora. (raising her eyes to Heaven.) My child or--- death!

Alonzo. See yonder hut * among the trees.

Cora. Ha! there lives the savage who has robbed me of my child! (*she hurries towards the hut.*)

Alonzo (following her). Cora! for heaven's sake beware! Should that hut be inhabited by Spaniards.

Cora. Were it even a rendezvous of devils, I would explore it. Holla! within.

Alonzo. Let me go first.

Cora. Holla! holla!

* This scene is most vilely managed in the representation. The hut, instead of being concealed among the trees, in the *back ground*, stands directly fronting the spot where *Cora* deposits her child: and so fully is it revealed to view, that one would suppose *Cora* must have been more intoxicated than the Spanish soldiers, in the preceding scene, not to notice it. It may well indeed appear extraordinary, that she should not look a little about her, before she resolves to weather the night in the open air, and expose both herself and infant to the merciless fury of the storm which rages around her.

O

SCENE

SCENE IV.—*Enter LAS CASAS, from the Hut.*

Las Casas. Who knocks?

Cora. Restore my child!

Las Casas. Young woman, what do you want?

Alonzo. Heavenly powers! what do I see?---Can it be *Las Casas*?

Las Casas. Alonzo! Do my eyes again behold thee?
(*they rush into each others' arms.*)

Alonzo. My beloved preceptor!

Las Casas. My Friend!

Cora. Where have you concealed my child?

Las Casas. What can this mean?

Alonzo. Oh, *Las Casas*! in what a fearful moment do we meet!

Cora. Venerable old man! your looks announce a feeling heart—Take pity on a disconsolate mother.

Las Casas. I cannot comprehend thy speech.

Cora (*throwing herself at his feet*). I will be thy slave for life!---and my son shall be thy slave also!

Las Casas. Is her brain disordered?

Alonzo. She is my wife.---We have lost our child!

Las Casas. Where?

Alonzo. She left him asleep under that tree.

Las Casas. Did she leave him?

Cora. The reproof is but too just.---Oh! unnatural mother!---I forsook my child, and the curse of heaven pursues me.

Las Casas. Oh! that I could administer consolation to your griefs.

Alonzo. Help me to support this load of misery!

Cora (*distracted*). See yonder speckled snake!---See how the reptile entwines itself round the limbs of my wretched child!---I hear the hisses of his forked tongue!---I see him dart his sting to my infant's heart!---

Alonzo. Beloved *Cora*, collect your bewildered thoughts.

Cora. ---See where the cruel Condor soars, towering in the sky!---see! he marks his certain prey!---he darts like lightning through the air!---and now---behold!---he pounces it!---Yonder lurks a ravenous tyger!---see! he springs from his covert!---see! the blood trickles---the blood of my child!---(*She sinks to the ground*)---save him! save him!

Alonzo.

Alonzo (kneeling by her side). My wife! my child!

Las Casas. Must images of misery haunt me even in this solitude?

Alonzo. Administer comfort to us, my preceptor!--my benefactor! desert us not in this trying hour.

Las Casas. I will not desert you. But here we are not safe; the Spanish camp is too near. Fly to your friends---I will accompany you.

Alonzo. How shall we be able to convey this helpless sufferer?

Las Casas. Endeavour to raise her up.

Alonzo. Come along, dear Cora; let us depart.

Cora. Depart?---Whither?

Alonzo. To our friends.

Cora. Think'st thou I could leave this spot?---leave the spot where my poor babe died?

Alonzo. We are in the neighbourhood of the enemy.

Cora. Cruel husband! Shall I not be permitted to collect together the bones of my mangled infant?

Alonzo. Your father and brother have arrived at our camp.

Cora. I have no father! no brother!--I had---a child!

Alonzo. We will seek it.

Cora (hastily). Seek it!--Where? oh! where?

Alonzo. This good man will assist our search.

Cora. Help us! venerable stranger!--Help us to search for our child.

Las Casas. Most willingly, dear Cora! only compose yourself.

Cora. Are you a father?

Las Casas. No.

Cora. Then I can pardon the supposition. But would you set a mother's heart at rest, give her back her lost child! (*Rushes off the stage.*)

Las Casas (pursuing her). Endeavour, Alonzo, to guide her steps more towards the right.

Alonzo. Oh! Las Casas! In thee I have found my guardian angel!

SCENE V.---*The Confines of the Spanish Camp.*

ROLLA is brought in, bound.

Soldier. This way, thou idolator!

Rolla. Pizarro has himself set me at liberty.

O 2

Soldier.

Soldier. That we know nothing of. No Heathen escapes from us with life, much less with liberty. You must along to the general.

2d Soldier. Hush! comrade: the general comes.

Pizarro (entering). How now? Do I see aright?--- Is it Rolla?

Rolla (tauntingly). No doubt, Pizarro feels astonished at this fight!

Pizarro. And bound too?

Rolla. Yes, bound so fast that you need be under no apprehensions from him.

Pizarro. Which of you has dared thus to ill-treat the preserver of my life?

Soldier. He confesses himself to be a Peruvian general; he was endeavouring to steal through our posts.

Rolla (in a tone of contempt). Steal!

Soldier. We stopped him; and, by Almagro's orders, put him in chains.

Pizarro. You hear, Rolla, that I am innocent of this occurrence. Unbind him instantly. It grieves and flames me to behold a hero like Rolla unarmed. Take this sword, and now learn the Spanish character. Our nation knows how to reverence generosity in an enemy.

Rolla (accepts the sword.) And the Peruvians have been taught to pardon injuries. Thou hast mine.

Pizarro. And pardon me likewise that I cannot be severe with my foldiers for an accident, to which I stand indebted for the pleasure of a second interview with Rolla.

Rolla. No more of these fine speeches---Suffer me to depart.

Pizarro. Use your own pleasure. Yet let me cherish the flattering hope that this accident may eventually more closely unite us. Rolla and Pizarro were not designed by fate to be eternally at enmity.

Rolla. I promise you my friendship—as soon as the waves of the ocean roll between us.

Pizarro. Might not a common interest unite us? You felt indignant, when I mentioned my pretensions to the throne of Quito.—I renounce them. Submit to the sovereignty of Spain; embrace the Christian Faith, and peace shall be established between us.

Rolla.

Rolla. How generous and moderate are Pizarro's demands!

Pizarro. On Pizarro's friendship depends the protection of a mighty monarch; and this Pizarro himself makes you a voluntary tender of his hand.

Rolla. Rolla is no traitor.

Pizarro. By acceding to my terms, you at once avert disaster and calamity from your country.

Rolla. To my country I owe the sacrifice of my life, but not of my honour.

Pizarro. You are only requested to depose a weak king from a station, which he is not qualified to fill.

Rolla. Ataliba weak?—Yet were that even the case,—a king who promotes the happiness of his subjects, is rendered impregnable by his people's loyalty and love.

Pizarro. Follow your own counsel.

Rolla. My conscience has long since come to a decision on this point.

Pizarro. Remember that rejected friendship rages with no less fury than rejected love.

Rolla. Ha! this is what I have long expected. Why be at the pains of dissembling? Throw off the mask at once.

Pizarro. (*stifling his resentment.*) Rolla, do not misapprehend me,

Rolla. Am I permitted to depart?

Pizarro (*after a short pause*). Go!

Rolla. Shall I meet with no obstruction?

Pizarro. None—unless repentance brings you back.

Rolla. Thank Heaven! Rolla never yet had occasion to repent his actions.

SCENE VI.—*Enter two Soldiers with the Child.*

Soldier. General, we have found a child.

Pizarro. What concern is that of mine? take yourselves off.

Soldier. We found it lying among the bushes, not far from the camp.

Pizarro. Then throw it into the first ditch you meet.

Rolla. Gracious Heavens! 'tis Alonzo's child.

Pizarro. How say you?

Rolla. (*to the Soldiers.*) Give the child to me.

Pizarro. (*stepping between Rolla and the Soldiers.*) Not quite so hasty. Alonzo's child, say you?—This is a
most

most fortunate event! Welcome, my pretty puppet! You shall be my hostage* for your father's follies,

Rolla. Does Pizarro wage war with infants?

Pizarro. You cannot comprehend my conduct. I have an old debt to settle with Alonzo. I might plunge my dagger in this infant's heart, and that would balance our accounts;—but it would merely draw the balance, and Alonzo would owe me nothing.

Rolla. You were right in your remark—Of a truth, I do not comprehend you

Pizarro. Figure to yourself this little head exalted on the point of a spear:—fancy the heroic Alonzo rushing with drawn sword upon our ranks—bearing every thing before him like a raging torrent—and nothing capable of arresting his impetuous career, but—the bleeding head of his child. Ha! see him in an instant stand motionless, petrified with horror:—see the sword glide from his hand—see how he rivets his strained eye-balls on the bloody trophy, from which still trickle in copious succession the crimson drops, and stain the ensanguined lance. Ha! that will be a glorious fight!

Rolla. Pizarro, art thou a man?—Art thou, indeed, of human mould?

Pizarro. And when he returns home to the expectant mother—when his Cora throws her snowy arms around his neck, and wipes the gory drops from his shoulders with her silken tresses; how will she shudder, when she hears him exclaim---Not so hasty, fair dame---think'st thou, this is enemy's blood?---Ha! no! no! no!---'tis the blood of thy own infant!--

Rolla. See how the lovely infant smiles! Could'st thou find it in thy heart to murder such smiling innocence?

Pizarro. Could you wring the neck of a pigeon?

Rolla. Is it a ransom you demand? I will purchase the child's life with ten times his weight in silver.

Pizarro. Keep you silver, and erect a statute with it on his tomb.

* Both Mr. LEWIS and Miss PLUMTRE have misconceived this sentence. The latter, from the similarity between *geisel* (a hostage) and *geißel* (a scourge) has translated the passage thus: "Then shalt thou serve me as a scourge for the chastisement of all thy father's follies."—We must again advert upon the necessity of understanding a language, before a writer presumes to give an *elegant* translation from it.

Rolla.

Rolla. Pizarro, you owe your life to me ;---give me, in return, the life of this child.

Pizarro. Do you wish to humble me with such a trivial request!

Rolla. Restore the child to his parents, I will be your prisoner.

Pizarro. You are free.

Rolla. Man! Nature cannot possibly have so totally neglected thee at thy birth!---some grains of humanity must lie hidden in thy heart. Behold me, Rolla, at thy feet!--me, the preserver of thy life!--me who never bowed or knelt before to man!--I offer myself thy slave, so thou wilt but restore the child.

Pizarro. The child shall stay here.

Rolla. (*with indignant rage.*) Pizarro! hear me.

Pizarro. There remains but this alternative---either become the vassals of Spain---or this child continues my prisoner.

Rolla (*rising from his suppliant posture, and nimbly leaping on his feet.*) Now then! (*he snatches the child from the soldier, clasps it in his left arm, and brandishes his sword in his right hand.*) The child is mine! Not in vain was this sword given me. Whoever dares to follow me---dies! (*Rushes off with the child.*)

Pizarro. Rash, furious madman!--Quick!--overtake him.--Bring him back, if possible, alive. (*a detachment of soldiers pursue Rolla.*) What dæmon is it inspires this man! Fool that I was to trust him with a sword? (*follows him with his eyes.*) How furiously the madman defends himself!--Still he keeps gaining ground upon them.--By Heavens! he will effect his escape. Away, pursue him, spare him no longer. Cut him down,--Cut him down! (*dispatches a second detachment in pursuit of him.*) The hill conceals him from my view. Place not thy death to my charge, madman!--Gladly had I preserved thy life; had generously discharged the debt I owe thee. (*Several shots are heard.*) Fare thee well--thou deservedst a better fate.--(*Enter a Soldier.*) Well, what tidings?

Soldier. Rest satisfied, noble general! the Heathen will not be able to run much farther. I saw him fall. The ball struck him on the right side.

Pizarro. Gladly would I have had him brought back alive.

alive. Haughty Peruvian!—to bid me defiance in my own camp!

Soldier. Your orders to spare his life have already cost the lives of four of my comrades.

(*Enter a second soldier.*) He has fought his way through, and reached the enemy's out-posts.

Pizarro. (*Stamping with his foot.*) Hell and furies!

Soldier. He carries, however, his death with him; he is mortally wounded.

Pizarro. And yet has fought his way through!

Soldier. Such a combat I never witnessed in all my life. The legendary feats of the Moorish knights are mere sport compared with this. Four of us fell by his sword in the attempt to take him alive. A shot levelled him with the ground, but in an instant he was on his feet again, supported himself against a tree, and placing the child by his side, dealt round his blows like the angel with the flaming sword, till two more of our party measured the ground. The remaining three took to their muskets, when he darted off like an arrow from the bow, with the child screaming in his arms:—but the spot on which he stood, the tree against which he supported himself, were covered with blood—and blood tracked every step he took. The centinels fired their pieces after him, but he disappeared behind the hill in an instant.

Pizarro. Why not mount your horses?

Soldier. They were grazing behind the camp.

Pizarro. Ha! curst Pagan! and yet I cannot withhold from him my admiration. Had I but a thousand such warriors, I would conquer the whole world. (*Exit.*)

*SCENE VII.—*An open plain on the confines of the Peruvian camp. ATALIBA enters with his arms crossed, his head bowed down, and immersed in thought.*

The enemy remains quiet—my troops slumber—the storm is past—scarce a breeze murmurs in the summits of the trees—awful silence reigns round me—all is calm—

* This and the following intermediate scene add greatly to the concluding interest of the play, by keeping the mind in a state of suspense relative to the fate of *Rolla*. In the representation, the effect is considerably weakened by the abrupt and sudden manner in which the catastrophe is brought on.

but

but not *here*. (*laying his hand upon his heart.*) Why not calm here also?—Must *I* be haunted by the ghosts of those that fell?—Must *my* ears be tormented with their dying groans?—Was the sword not drawn for God and for my country?

SCENE VIII.—CORR rushes distracted on the Stage.

Cora. Whither do ye lead me?—Where is the grave of my child?—(*perceiving Ataliba.*) First-born of the Sun! restore my child.

Ataliba. Cora, whence dost thou come?

Cora. From my son's grave—deep is it dug in the earth—'tis cold and damp—ah! how I shiver!

Ataliba. Alas! what a ghastly sight!

Alonzo. (*entering hastily with Las Casas.*) Unhappy mourner! whither does thy misery drive thee?

Cora. Peace, Alonzo! we have reached the goal of our hopes. Here stands the offspring of the Gods! The Sun is his father: 'twill cost him but a word, and the grave shall refund its prey. (*she clasps the monarch's knees.*) Pronounce it, oh, my sovereign—pronounce the potent word—take pity on a mother's anguish.

Ataliba. Heavenly powers! what can she mean?

Alonzo. She has lost her child.

Ataliba. Wretched mother! I can afford thee no succour---I am but---a king!

Cora. Thou canst not?---To whom then am I to look for succour? To whom has Heaven entrusted our Lives? Was it not thou that ledst the Peruvians to battle? Did not Alonzo fight in thy cause? Wilt thou refuse me the only reward I ask for his services?—the life of a child, which, in due time, will fight his sovereign's battles?

Ataliba. Crush me, ye Gods! I will not shrink from the malice of fate!

Cora. Tyrant! Can a mother's agonizing cries awaken no sympathy in thy flinty bosom?—Is thy ambition not yet satiated with blood?—Lo! pendent from each diamond that decks thy brows hangs the crimson drop! Is not this sufficient? Must thou even tear infants from their mother's breasts, and fling them to savage beasts of prey? Ha! what concerns me thy diadem!—what concerns a mother's heart the throne of Quito!—Hither, all ye wretched mothers, whom this victory has rendered child-

less!—Unite your imprecations with mine, that our lamentations may conjointly ascend to Heaven with the triumphant shouts of this barbarian! If hereafter he be condemned eternally to suffer the anguish which *one* wretched mother feels, sufficiently severe will be his punishment. (*Sinks exhausted on the ground.*)

Alonzo. (*Supporting her in his arms, and addressing Atahiba*) Pardon the frantic transports of a mother!

Atahiba. (*Wiping a tear from his eye*) Alas! the throne has no equivalent for one such tear!

Cora. (*Smiling*) Alonzo! my breast pains me! reach me the child, that he may suck his wonted nourishment. (*Exhausted*) Thou art a cruel husband, Alonzo—thou feest I am dying—and yet wilt not permit the mother once more to feast her eyes with the sweet smiles of her child!

Alonzo. Ah! this complaint is more dreadful than her fury!—Rave, wretched mother!—thou no longer hast a child.

Cora (*falling back in his arms*). Wretched mother!—thou no longer hast a child!—

SCENE IX.—*Enter a Peruvian.*

Peruvian. Rolla comes!

Atahiba and Alonzo. Rolla! (*Rolla staggers on the stage, his looks deadly pale, the bloody sword in his right hand—in his left, the rescued child.*)

Atahiba. Heavens! what sight is this?

Rolla (*Mortally wounded, drops several times upon his knee, before he can reach Cora, who is apparently lifeless in Alonzo's arms. He calls her with a faint and faltering voice*) Cora!—thy child!—

Cora. (*Awakes from her swoon—The sight of her child gives her new strength—she stretches forth her arms towards it*) My child!—stained with blood!—

Rolla. 'Tis my blood (*hands the child to Cora.*)

Cora. (*Clasping it in her arms*) My child!—Rolla!—

Rolla. I loved thee—Thou hast wronged me—I can no more! (*sinks at her feet.*)

Alonzo. (*kneeling over him*) Rolla! thou diest!

Rolla. For Cora!—

Cora. (*mournfully eying the body.*) Oh! what man
ever

ever loved like this man!—Oh! my child! dearly! dearly art thou purchafed!

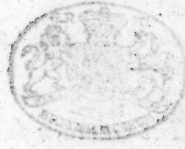
Alonzo. Confirm my wavering faith, Las Cafas. Teach me to believe in God!

Las Cafas. His ways are dark and inscrutable. Adore! and patiently endure!—

(The Curtain falls.)

END OF THE PLAY.

GENERAL



GENERAL REMARKS.

THE death of the *Peruvian Hero* very satisfactorily winds up the catastrophe, and fully develops the plot of this interesting tragedy. At this place therefore the *German Dramatist* judiciously directs the curtain to fall: and taste, propriety, and common sense, give their ready suffrage to the mandate. But the monarchs of Drury Lane appear to have abrogated the institutes of legitimate drama, and to have passed a new code of law, enacting; "that to render a tragedy truly *tragic*, it is indispensibly necessary to *murder* not only the principal *Dramatis Personæ*, but the *Tragedy* itself." In conformity with these *revolutionary* principles, the curtain at Drury Lane remains drawn up during two or three additional scenes, to witness the execution of this barbarous murder.

"Murder most foul! as in the best it is,

"But this *most* foul! strange! and unnatural!"

The *awful* ceremony commences with the entrance of a messenger, the moment *Rolla* renders up the ghost, announcing, that "treachery has completed its master-piece, and revealed the Peruvian asylum in the rocks." This intelligence of course ushers in the march of an army of a score of men, and half a score of general officers, to rescue the *Virgins* of the Sun and several other women from the profane gripe of the cruel Spaniards. A *mock* battle is next exhibited, in which the Peruvians, with a few crab-sticks and pokers'-ends, put the Spaniards, with their *silly fire-arms*, totally to the rout. We have now a kind of *running-fight*, or *bo-peep in earnest*, the Peruvians stabbing and hacking away at the Spaniards among the cliffs of the rocks, with nearly the same tactics and manœuvres as are practised by a chamber-maid pricking for bugs in the joints and chinks of a press-bedstead. Victory, as might be expected, declaring in favour of the Peruvians, *Pizarro* makes his appearance with double the number of the Peruvian army, and avows his firm resolution not to survive the extermination of his troops. To prevent, however, the further effusion of human blood, it is at length settled, that *Pizarro* and *Alonzo* shall decide the already decided dispute by single combat.

The Chiefs immediately fall to, (*Alonzo* still equipped in the same *gala* dress which we commented upon in the Third Act,) and after a desperate encounter of some seconds, *Alonzo's* sword is knocked out of his hand, and the Chief himself
struck

struck with the violence of the blow to the ground. At this critical moment—this

— *Dignus vindice nodus.*

Elvira, who appears to have kept a good look-out, (though the audience supposed her put to death, or at least safe under lock and key in the magnificent dungeon, where they beheld *Alonzo* in the Fourth Act,) steps in as the interposing Deity, accompanied by the devout *Valverde*, for this Gentleman, it seems, has undergone a complete reform, as well as the lady herself, who, we find, has come to the pious resolution of turning *Nun*; in consequence of the double disappointment she had experienced the preceding day, in her attempts to make a conquest, first of *Alonzo*, and afterwards of *Rello*. *Elvira*, being provided with a sword, perhaps (it may belong to *Valverde*, and the lady may be only armour bearer to the runaway secretary,) gives the useful weapon to *Alonzo*, who, in another round or two (to render the Tragedy more sublimely and profoundly tragic,) murders *Pizarro* and *History* with one blow. The Spanish troops, having remained very quiet spectators of the combat, and their General's death, now throw themselves upon the enemy's mercy, who spares their lives on condition that they shall return to Spain, which they promise to do, "wind and weather permitting."

The last concluding scene of this eventful tragedy exhibits a *tragico-comico-farlico*-representation of the funeral obsequies of *Rello*. The Peruvian chief is placed upon a bier, in the centre of the stage, surrounded with mourners of both sexes, and the *Virgins* of the Sun, who chaunt his *requiem*. Among other *insignia*, which heighten the magnificence of this scene, the eye is regaled with the view of two suns, hoisted upon tent-poles, and flaming like gilt gingerbread watches at St. Bartholomew Fair; which, we understand, have a double allegorical meaning, being not merely intended as emblems of the Peruvian worship; but likewise to show that the awful ceremony takes place by day-light, and thereby to impress upon the minds of the audience, that it bears no affinity to an *Irish Wake* or *Howl*! It was, it seems, originally designed to close this solemnity with a dance or Peruvian *Hop* round the bier; but this part of the ceremony, as being too atrocious a murder of the dignity of the Tragic Muse, to be publicly exhibited, was, in deference to the *Horatian* precept,

"Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet:"

"Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atræus,"

reserved for private rehearsal behind the scenes. Others say, that the fatiguing length of the performance is the reason why this religious dance has been suppressed.

In

In commenting on the absurd and *farceful* termination of this *Tragedy*, we feel it our duty to be more severe than we otherwise should be, from a consideration of the high authority which has sanctioned these abuses. Bad example is dangerous at all times, and in all situations; but evil precedent from Mr. SHERIDAN, is infectious! epidemic! and almost incurable! We are willing, sincerely willing, to make every just allowance for the peculiar predicament in which Mr. SHERIDAN stands. In our general *criticism* of PIZARRO, we are willing to view it in the light in which candour certainly directs that it *should* be viewed. We are ready to draw the proper line of demarcation between an *author* who is *merely an author*, and a writer, who, independent of his own private interest, acts as a kind of trust for the property of others. A Dramatist, thus circumstanced, must often sacrifice his own taste, his own better judgment to the profits of the firm with which he is connected. Attempered as is at the present moment, the public pulse;—Mr. SHERIDAN, from *prudential* motives, might find himself under the necessity of humouring the public infatuation for whatever bears the name of KOTZEBUE. All therefore, that could reasonably be expected from him was, that he should enrich the OVER-RATED powers of KOTZEBUE, with as great a portion of his own unrivalled excellence and talents, as the nature of the case would admit. This he has most successfully done. He has converted a homely cottage into a *magnificent temple*; but it was not in his power to enlarge the site of ground on which it stood. Had he trusted entirely to his own genius—had the funds of the establishment and other private considerations permitted him to consult no other opinion than his own, we are firmly convinced, he would have produced a Drama of worth infinitely superior.

Yet, with all its faults and imperfections, we have the satisfaction of challenging that *female paragon* of virtue and *false taste*, HANNAH MORE, (*for whom we reserve an honorable NICHE in the second edition of the LITERARY CENSUS shortly forthcoming*) to justify, by any one single passage in *Pizarro*, the character which she has been pleased indiscriminately to give of German literature, in her *heterogeneous* treatise on *female education*. That lady, indeed, shrouded under a reputation which some people have a *peculiar knack* of acquiring, without the smallest degree of talent to warrant the assumption, has launched out into a furious Philippic against what it is very evident she does not comprehend. Viewing things through the magnifying glass of prophetic inspiration, she foresees a vast deal of mischief from the importation of German dramas, German novels, but, above all, German philosophy, and German *illuminatism*, (we purposely retain the elegant phrase of HANNAH MORE.) But, in spite of the *bravado*
light,

light, of which she makes such confident boast, it is but too clear, that she herself is totally in the dark, and that she rails against a system, of which she does not possess the smallest knowledge. Like a certain *ingenitus* insect, she possesses the gift of extracting poison from the same flowers whence the bee culls the most fragrant sweets. In a drama*, which we find has produced the most salutary moral effects, by bringing back an erring female (all females are not so immaculate as HANNAH MORE!) to the path of duty, she can trace the prolific seeds of immorality and vice. In SCHILLER's beautiful play of *The Robbers*, she finds the taste of the Goths united with the morals of Bagshot! After such random assertions, it were needless to waste a single moment, to employ a single line in refuting charges, which will have no weight, but with those whom argument is not competent to convince.

We cannot, however, close these occasional Remarks, without asking, whether any play can breathe a purer spirit of loyalty, of constitutional zeal, and religious ardour, than this self-same importation from the decrined German stage? Can the speeches of *Rella*, so admirably given by an actor, whom, to praise after naming, would be a species of sacrilege (for no words can do justice to the merits of the † ELDER KEMBLE!) be excelled by any dramatic production the stage can boast? Can the danger of giving way to impetuous passions be more forcibly portrayed than in *Lovers' Vows*, so admirably, so incomparably adapted to the English stage by MRS. INCHBALD? Can the miseries attendant on female profligacy be more strikingly exhibited, than in the affecting play of *The Stranger*? And yet this *would-be* dramatizer of *Hezekiah* and *Nebuchadnezzar* can see nothing but pregnant mischief in these productions? Sound sense and enlightened judgment we are well convinced will return a very different verdict, and genuine morality and genuine taste will alike own their obligations to MR. SHERIDAN and MR. HARRIS, for their successful attempts to enrich the English Drama with the meritorious productions of our continental neighbours.

* See preface to *The Stranger*. Miss HANNAH MORE's ignorance is equal to her temerity. *The Stranger*, she informs us, is the first instance of an adultress being held up in any other light than to be reprobated. Probably, this *manufacturer* of sacred dramas never read, or witnessed the representation of, *Jane Shore*.

† The unrivalled style of excellence in which this inimitable actor sustains the beautiful and arduous character of *Rella*, fully justifies the application of the following line from Horace:

Quo viro nil est simile aut secundum.

